VOL. CCXVII, No. 2828
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APRIL 24, 1954

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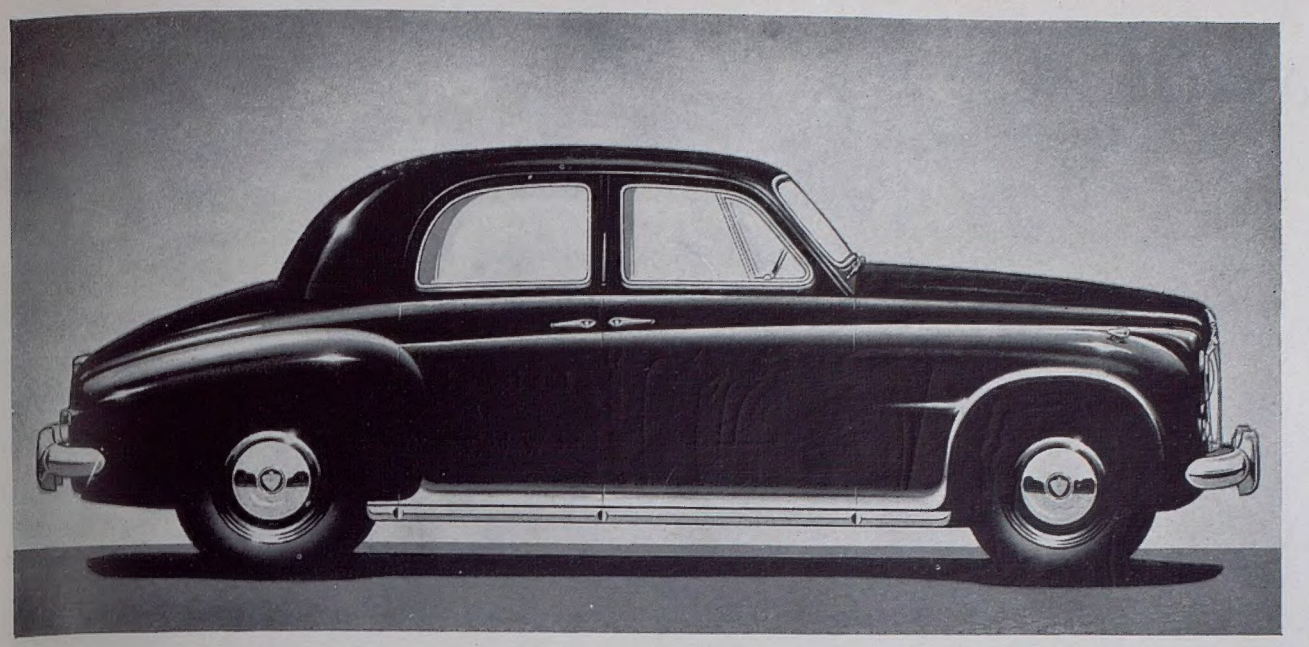

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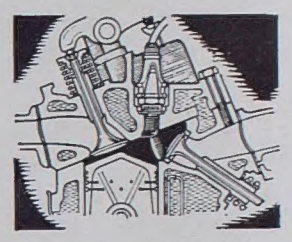

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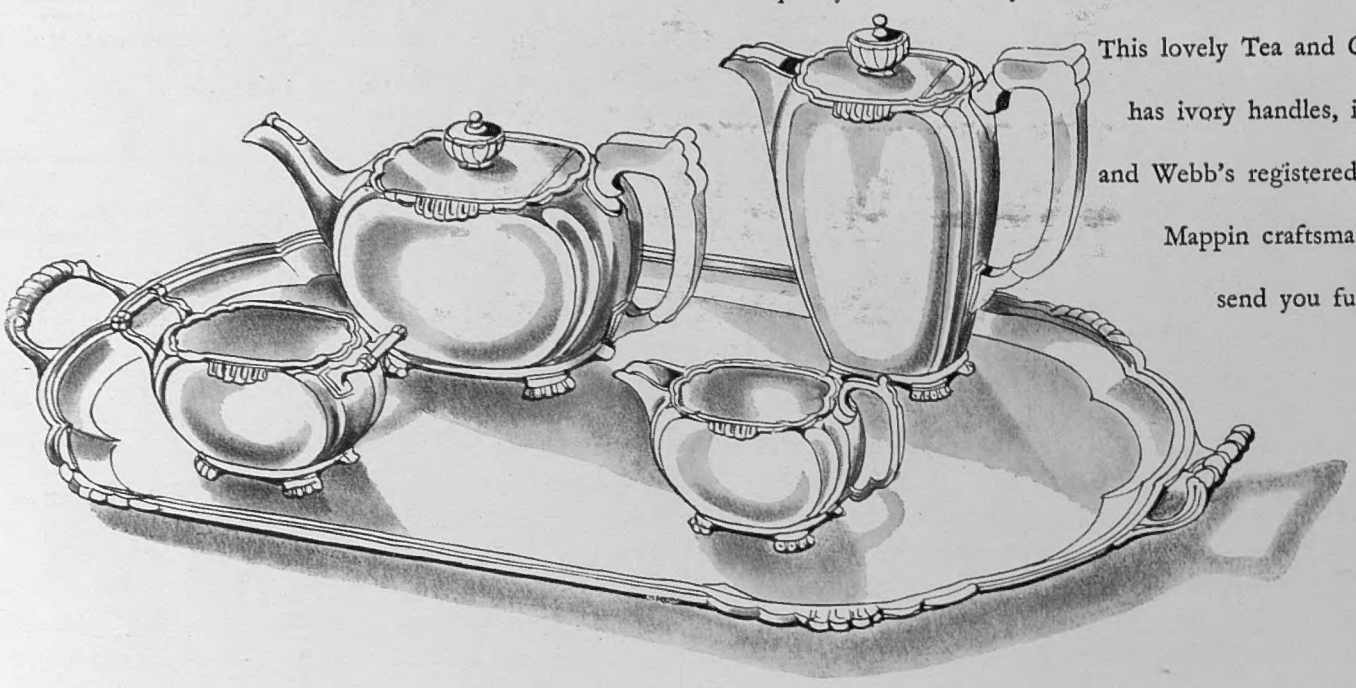

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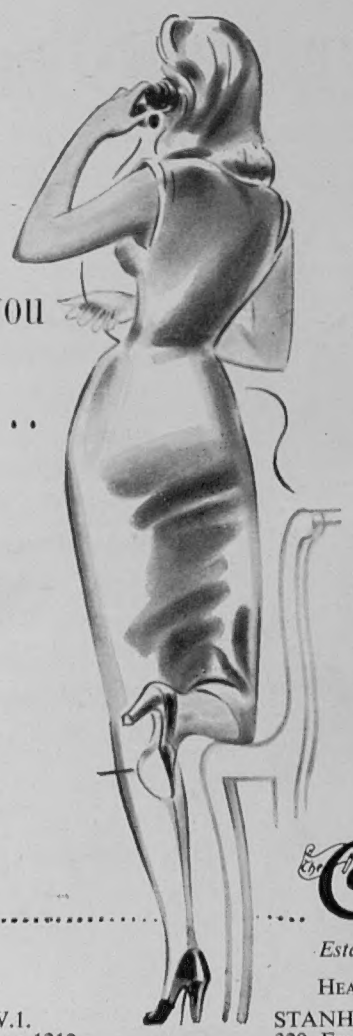

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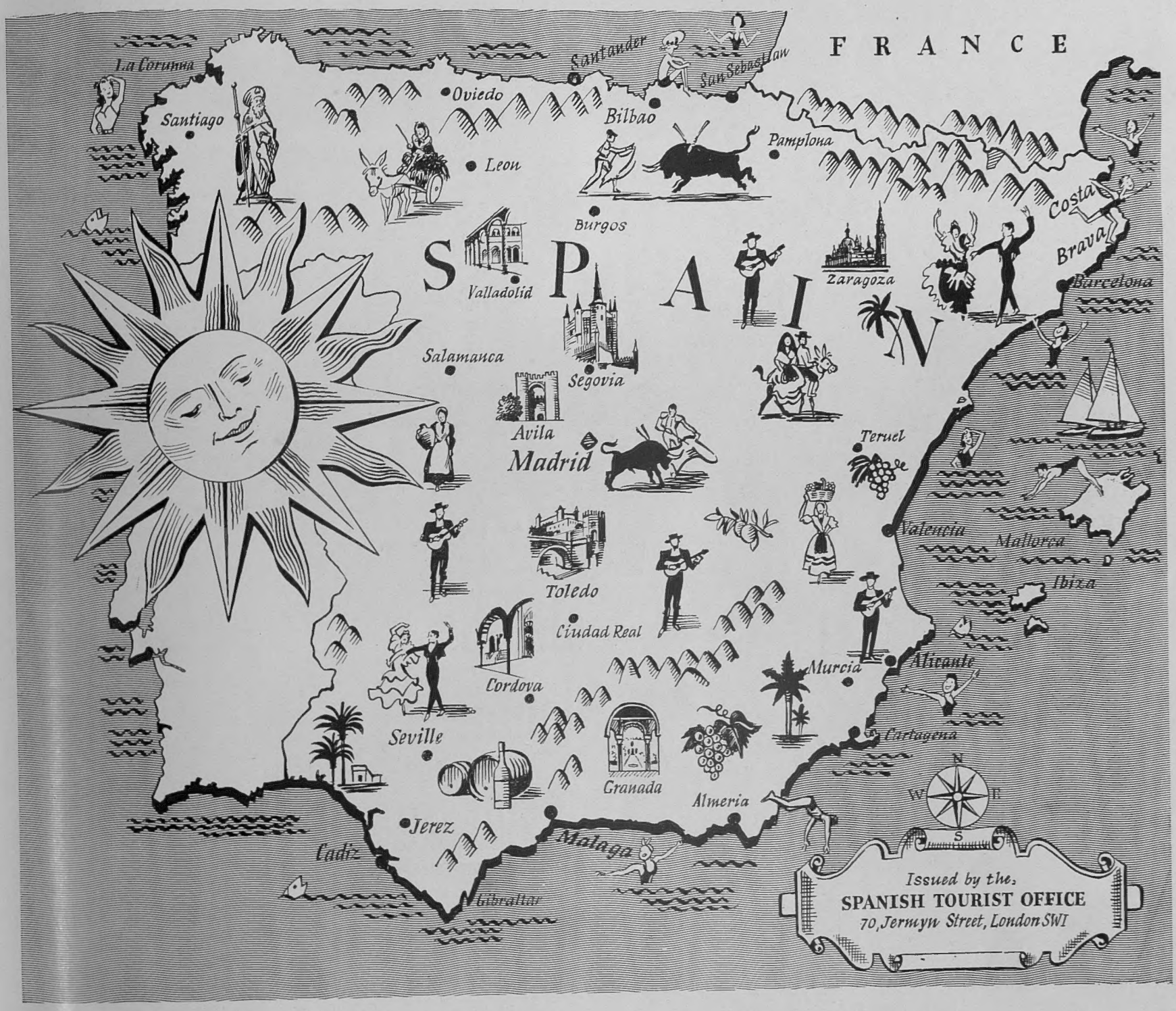


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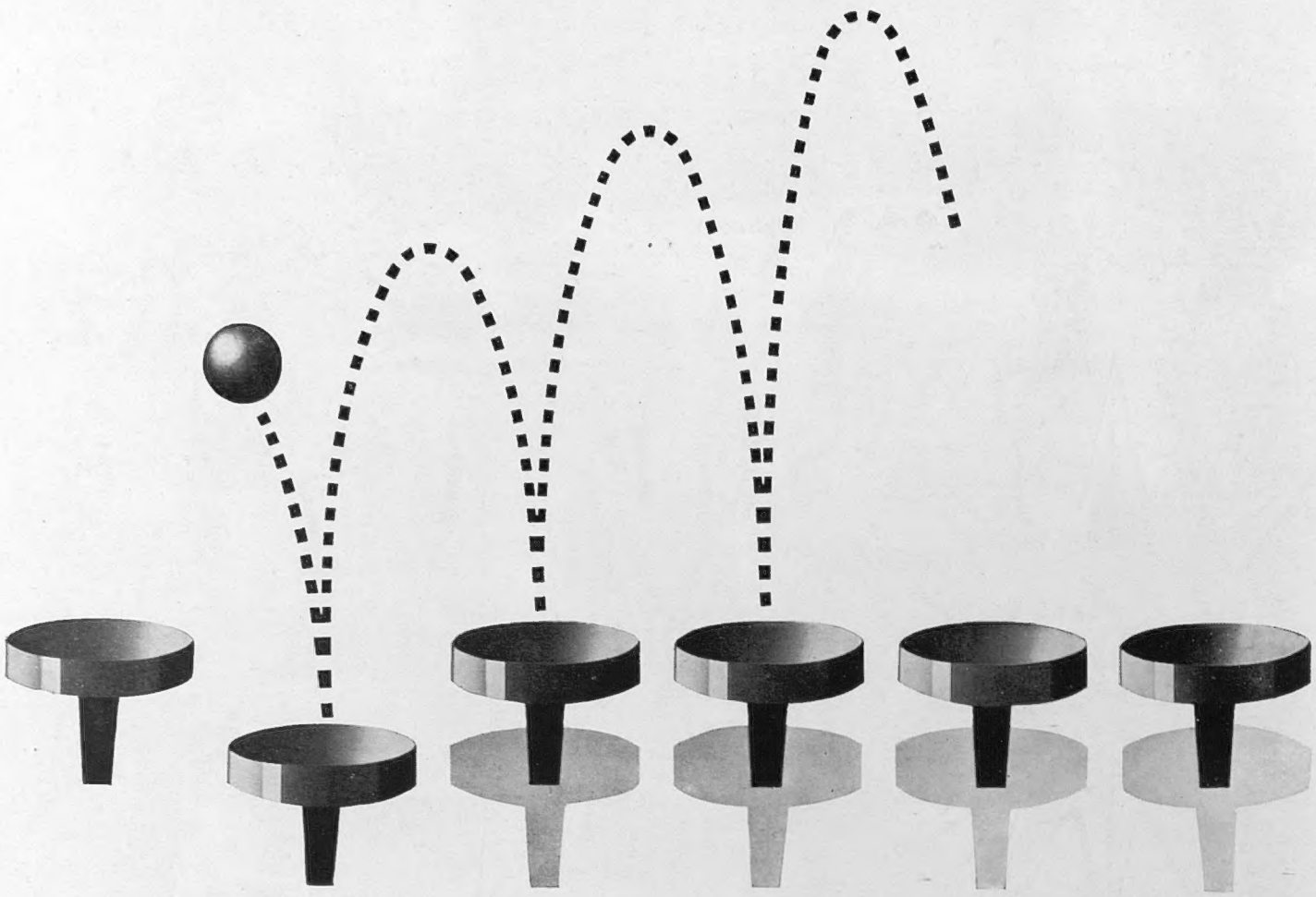

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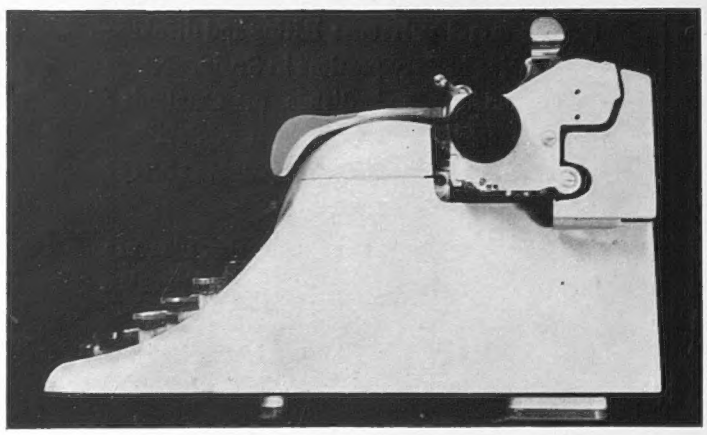

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Volume CCXVII No. 2828

The SPHERE, London, April 24, 1954

# The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

**THE ROYAL CHILDREN SAIL TO MEET THEIR PARENTS—THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE, ACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER, ARRIVE AT PORTSMOUTH TO EMBARK IN THE ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA," FOR THEIR VOYAGE TO TOBRUK : They are seen being greeted by Rear-Admiral A. G. V. Hubback, Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, just before going aboard. Princess Margaret was also with her mother for the informal farewell ceremony.**

When the new Royal yacht *Britannia* steamed away from Portsmouth on her maiden voyage to Tobruk, she carried with her the two children of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who were making their first journey abroad. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret accompanied Prince Charles and Princess Anne from London to Portsmouth, and after taking tea in the Royal yacht, came ashore and remained on the jetty until the *Britannia* had reached mid-stream. Throughout the day large crowds had collected in both London and Portsmouth to cheer the young travellers. At Portsmouth, the drive from the station to the dockyard was made through streets lined with thousands of cheering children. Ships in the harbour were dressed overall, and Royal salutes were fired as the Queen Mother arrived and departed. There were many amusing moments and incidents for the young Prince and his sister on the day of their departure, but perhaps the most interesting of all was when Prince Charles inquired about the absence of an engine at Waterloo ; it was the first time that he had travelled by an electric train. (See also pages 128-129.)

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## BACK FROM SOUTH AFRICA

**SIR T. O. M. SOPWITH AND LADY SOPWITH RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA : Seen with them at Southampton, where they arrived in the Union Castle liner *Edinburgh Castle*, is their son, Tom Sopwith, who went to meet them. He has recently taken up the sport of motor racing. Sir T. O. M. Sopwith, head of the Hawker Siddeley group of aircraft and car manufacturers and a keen yachtsman, had been to South Africa on a business trip.**

## A GUINNESS ENGAGEMENT

**THE SON OF LORD MOYNE IS TO MARRY A GERMAN PRINCESS : From left to right in this picture are Princess Marie-Gabrielle von Urach-Wurtemburg ; the Hon. Desmond Walter Guinness, her fiancé ; and Lady Perdita Blackwood, the daughter of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. The photograph was taken at Clandeboye, in County Down, Eire, the home of the Marchioness. Princess Marie-Gabrielle is the elder daughter of Prince Albrecht von Urach, Count of Wurtemburg, and of his first wife, who was formerly Miss Rosemary Blackadder.**

## A GERMAN CHOIR VISITS ENGLAND

**MEMBERS OF A GERMAN CHILDREN'S CHOIR ARRIVE AT LIVERPOOL STREET STATION : These children are members of the Obernkirchen Choir and come mainly from the Hanover district. The choir, founded to sing locally, is now touring this country. Performances will be given at the Royal Festival Hall and in many towns and cities, including Birmingham and Liverpool. This is not the choir's first visit to this country, as it sang at the 1953 Eisteddfod.**


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# A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

**Sir Atte Lee.**—I like to think that Mr. Attlee's family tree stems from the legendary, gentle, parfit, Knight, Sir Atte Lee, who about 600 years ago, to dodge a curse, was buried in the wall of a village church and has lately been unbricked. Not that Mr. Attlee needs so ancient a pedigree, though born and bred a Tory. He is a Socialist now, and cares nothing for the boasts of heraldry. But obviously he is a Socialist of the kind we prefer, one who believes in using the old foundations on which to rebuild, or at any rate in not scrapping all the old and tried supports until the new have proved their strength and reliability. If it be so, it accounts for some of the puzzles we have still concerning Mr. Attlee's character and authority in his party. For some of the actions of the Labour Party from 1950 contradicted this common-sense policy. Now we can resolve some of our doubts and puzzles by reading his autobiography, *As It Happened*. Let us never forget the enormous advantages for the truth which belong to the autobiography and are denied the biography. The former holds the key to the character of the subject—the man's own secret thoughts. The latter can seldom use even in part this vital source. I can't say that Mr. Attlee makes very full use of his advantage. He is a secret man, a silent man, a tactful and peace-loving man. But he shows us enough of his private mind to confirm our belief that, so far as a party politician may be, he is just, fairminded, generous, humble of heart, not given to personal ambition, not embittered by political animosity. In some ways rather like Baldwin, with even a touch of Baldwin's *laziness*. Indeed, his whips and scorns are equally divided, and poor Ramsay Mac. gets more than a fair share of them, and Laski is not spared. His hero is Ernie Bevin—presumably as a man rather than a Foreign Secretary. But if you hope to read the inside story of the Labour Party's disputes over policy since the first Labour Government, your hopes will be disappointed. Sir Atte Lee has buried his autobiographical talent in a stone wall, and we must wait for some future unearthing of it.

**An Historical-Political Puzzle.**—No one can deny that an evil thing brings a curse on all who have dealings with it. Like the moonstone, the Luck of the Vails, or the "one before," the best place for such evil things is the bottom of the sea or the depths of fresh water. For some time after the H-bomb debate, the Premier's warmest admirers ruefully speculated on the reasons which led him to depart from Mr. Attlee's admirable resolution to keep the vital debate out of the bitter field of party politics and sought in vain for any justification for the line he took and found no possible advantage gained by his disclosures and attack on the Socialists. No debate of such national importance could have opened more admirably than with Mr. Attlee's first speech and Sir Winston's first generous words of acceptance and approval. Then the curse began to work, and gradually the debate degenerated into one of the most bitter dog-fights in party controversy. There must have been many Government supporters in the House that night whose regrets only equalled their surprise at the line the Premier took. It is ancient history now. Calm reflection has put the events of that debate on April 5 in juster perspective. It is remembered that the Premier remained calm and quiet in the storm of abuse which assailed him. But for that very reason—that he never lost his head or his temper—the puzzle remains why he took the course he did with so very little apparent advantage to his own case. It seemed the wrong moment to sacrifice unity at home in order to influence U.S. opinion towards revising the McMahon Act ; and by no means the most direct way to achieve the latter end. Yet wiser heads than mine have justified the line he took to the satisfaction of many who earlier doubted.

**"Carry On, Serjeant."**—The prophets were confounded in all their Budget tips, save only a "place" for Post-war Credit Mr. Butler felt no need for popularity. He was satisfied that Government credit stood high enough without popular olive branches, and he devoted his speeches 80 per cent. to "cackle" and 20 per cent. to brass tacks ; and the brass tacks were not the smaller tax we looked for. We asked for something off petrol, beer, tobacco, income tax. We got something *on* chicory. We were rewarded by a 1½d. off the more expensive seats in cinemas. For me that means a saving of 1½d. a year. But of course the good citizen does not relate a national budget to his own pocket. He takes the long, patriotic view. He may hold a few bonds in Government loans or a few hundreds in industrial equities. He comforts himself with the reflection that his posterity may one day find these holdings in better sha because of Mr. Butler's decisions in 1954. Perhaps news is still good news. It is said to be so, in ti of trouble, and trouble troubles us in all conscie But I can't recall a duller Budget ; that is, a Bud which offered so small a handle for Chancellors gloat over, taxpayers to be thankful for or Opposi speakers to tear to ribbons. 1953 was economica a year of wonderful progress and achieveme Carry on with the good work. The Serjeant's shoul are broad. The last was proved conclusively Mr. Gaitskell's extraordinary contortions in his deavours to criticise Mr. Butler's reasoning. F he said there was ample margin for many expect concessions. Then he said that Mr. Butler's r estimates of our improved financial and econo position were misleading, exaggerated and lar moonshine. He can't have it both ways.

**Nevil Shute — Prophet?** — Mr. Men made a statement in his House the other day on t question of providing a permanent home for t Sovereign in Australia, so that Royal visits co be made at more frequent intervals. Of course th is sense in the idea. With swift communicati and the now accepted principles of the Statute Westminster, the notion that the Sovereign will divi her time more equitably among her kingdoms i natural corollary. I was reminded sharply of t last novel I read by Nevil Shute, *In the Wet* I thi

## AIR ATTACHÉ TURNS JOCKEY

**GROUP-CAPTAIN TOWNSEND AMONG THE ALSO-RANS : Group-Captain Pe Townsend, who took up the post of Air Attaché at the Brussels Emba after persistent romantic rumours linking his name with Princess Margare finished fourth in a race for gentleman riders at Groenendael, Belgi His mount, Deauville, was leading until the last bend, when he missed curve and could only finish fourth. Viscount D'Hendecourt won La Samaritaine. The next day Group-Captain Townsend left for the Belg Congo military base at Kamina to stay as a guest of the Belgian Air For**

was its title. At the time I thought the ideas it forth were revolutionary, almost impertinent fantastical. But already—though not for the re same reasons suggested by Mr. Shute in his fiction some of his "data" seem to be nearer reality. It indeed possible to forecast without wild surmise th a decade hence Buckingham Palace might ha become a residential block of flats for selected st and Court officials or a Government Departme embodying a few great saloons for use on impor State occasions, while a part of Windsor Castle m be rationalised as the official residence of the Monar in season and out of season. If an official reside materialised in Australia, one such would soon fol in Canada, and thereafter the Queen's Flight m well normally be occupied as Mr. Shute suggested his plot. The continuous evolution of the Comm wealth ideal and practice and the bald logic of £. s. might bring about some of these changes without political moves in Parliament.

**Museums and Galleries.**—I don't kn who wrote the Fourth Report (1949–53) of the Sta ing Commission on Museums and Galleries. There a great deal of talent (including literary talent) am the members of the Board and Secretariat, and result is quite admirable in its style, relevance information. It is a brochure to buy and read keep. Some publicity was given to the plight of BRITISH MUSEUM in the Press, which plight is tainly not exaggerated. As the Report says, profoundly disquieting. The staff question affects m of our national museums, including the V. AND which is in rather better shape. In the NATIO GALLERY a quarter of the exhibition rooms are closed and only six at present have the vital conditioning which priceless pictures need. Only such is yet open to the public. Of the TATE, m more has been heard of late and I will enlarge on a contentious subject. The PORTR GALLERY is in better shape. The LONDON is distributed between Lancaster House basement Kensington Palace, and probably the former will

remain a branch of the Museum. This Museum to-day has about three-quarters of the space it originally occupied in Lancaster House lent to it in Kensington Palace by King George VI until 1965. It therefore will continue to have space problems, with many others. The National Maritime is in some ways "back to pre-war," but has serious repair problems in the Queen's House. The Wallace Collection was let off lightly by the war, but the tapestry and upholstered fabrics are in need of the kind of repair carried out at Up Park by Lady Fetherstonhaugh. I cannot here touch on the Scottish and Welsh Galleries. The importance of this admirable Report (H.M. Stationery Office, 1s. 6d., and well worth the money) lies in its completeness and its realism.

**Cricket.**—The Easter holiday coaching of schoolboys began at Lord's under rigorous conditions not unusual in this island. The schoolboys needed hearts of triple brass and triple sweaters over the brass. Meanwhile, inside the pavilion the cricket elders were conferring on other ways to save the game. They approved two proposals of the Advisory Committee: on leg-side bowling and "leisurely" bowling. They passed no new cricket law about leg-side bowling. They merely asked the Counties to warn their captains that bowling wide on the leg side was neither cricket nor, in the long run, box-office. The public pays to keep County cricket alive and the public likes something for its money. As for leisurely overs, something in the nature of a new law was passed. This season a record must be kept of the number of overs bowled per hour of play. I am glad to say that last year one or two County captains (my own among them) had seen the red light and acted on it, with marked success to their gates—and achievements. They played cricket, brisk and sporting; took their eye off the statistic tables and immensely improved their statistics thereby. This season we must hope that other captains will follow suit. If they don't, it will be good-bye to net profits. They must earn their keep from their home supporters, and that they will not do by ca' canny.

**"Oh! for a Book . . ."** It costs about £5 a year to buy the right to read one new book from a library at a time. It ought to be easy to make a choice, considering the number that are published every week. But I find it growing harder and harder, especially among novels. I hate to think that reviewers as a whole (there are a few exceptions still at work) have abandoned their sacred trust to tell the truth as they see it and find it more convenient to back the blurb on the wrappers and declare every new novel to be the masterpiece which its author and publisher announce it to be. I hate to think that those publishers who spend most on advertising are best assured of enthusiastic reviews. Rather than accept that dismal possibility, I fall back on begging reviewers to cater for at least two classes of readers, the old and old-fashioned and the young and revolutionary. I wonder whether our reviewers might not adopt an idea from the cinema and label their new novels "For Adults Only" or "For Juveniles." I know at least to which class I belong and what form of novel I find unreadable, and these include the disillusioned sex experiences of young drug addicts, the introspective and tortured examinations of the mutual relations between a lounge lizard and his paramour and the lusts and loathings and cynicism of unbalanced ex-Servicemen in the shades and the jungles. These types of novel may be "pure genius," but in my class they do not satisfy the old-fashioned standards of what a novel should be.

**No Pay Increases for M.P.s and Other Good News.**—On the eve of the holiday Sir Winston announced (what the nation had come to expect) that the Government could not accept the Select Committee's proposal for a £500-a-year increase for members. (Well, in the circumstances of the day, how *could* they?) Of course, this is not the end of it. It may come in due course, and the Government is quite prepared to consider a reasonable proposal for some scheme of extra allowances for Parliamentary duties, and a debate after Easter to discover the opinions of Members. This proposal was obviously and from the first highly controversial. Each wants the other to put a proposal forward and take the praise or blame for the decision of the House. Well, so far so good. There was one other notable piece of good news released before Easter—the perfect solution of the German problem, satisfactory even to France. Eighteen German teams are to play League Cricket this season in the Berlin Area. The prize is a bat autographed by Test players. In the words of the old song: "We mean to introduce it into China" . . . and Russia. When all the world knows the meaning of "playing cricket," there will be no international problem, no need for diplomacy or H-bombs. We shall all "play cricket."

The Old Stager.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE ROLLS-ROYCE STORY

*The "Best Car in the World" Celebrates its Fiftieth Anniversary Next Month: Article by John May; Drawings by Cavendish Morton; Historical and Topical Photographs.*

## THE NAVAL TACTICAL CONFERENCE AT THE R.N. COLLEGE, GREENWICH

**THE ASSEMBLY OF ALLIED NAVAL, AIR AND ARMY CHIEFS IN THE TRIDENT HALL: In the front row, from left to right, are: Admiral W. M. Fechteler, U.S.N., C.-in-C. South Atlantic; Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Admiral Sir John Edelsten, C.-in-C. Portsmouth, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, First Sea Lord. The purpose of the talks was to study aspects of the present and future trends of naval tactics in relation to integrated defence plans. The deliberations of the Conference were secret. On the final day the assembly was presided over by the First Sea Lord, and the naval officers of Britain, the Commonwealth countries and the U.S. were joined in their talks by the Minister of Defence; the Secretary of State for Air; the Supreme Commander, Europe; the C.-in-C. Allied Forces Southern Europe; and the Chief of the Air Staff.**

## THE CUTLERS' FEAST AT SHEFFIELD

**THE SCENE AT THE 318TH CUTLERS' FEAST IN CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD: The serried ranks of the iron and steel industry, the successors in the north of the men who made arrows for Agincourt and Crecy, and who now turn their skills to more subtle ends, turn to face the camera at their annual dinner. It was a distinguished gathering.**

The feast followed its usual splendid tradition—the banks of flowers to adorn vantage points, the local Territorial gunners to form a guard of honour, the blaze of Cutlers' Company silver to decorate the tables, and the soft light of candles to accompany the speeches.

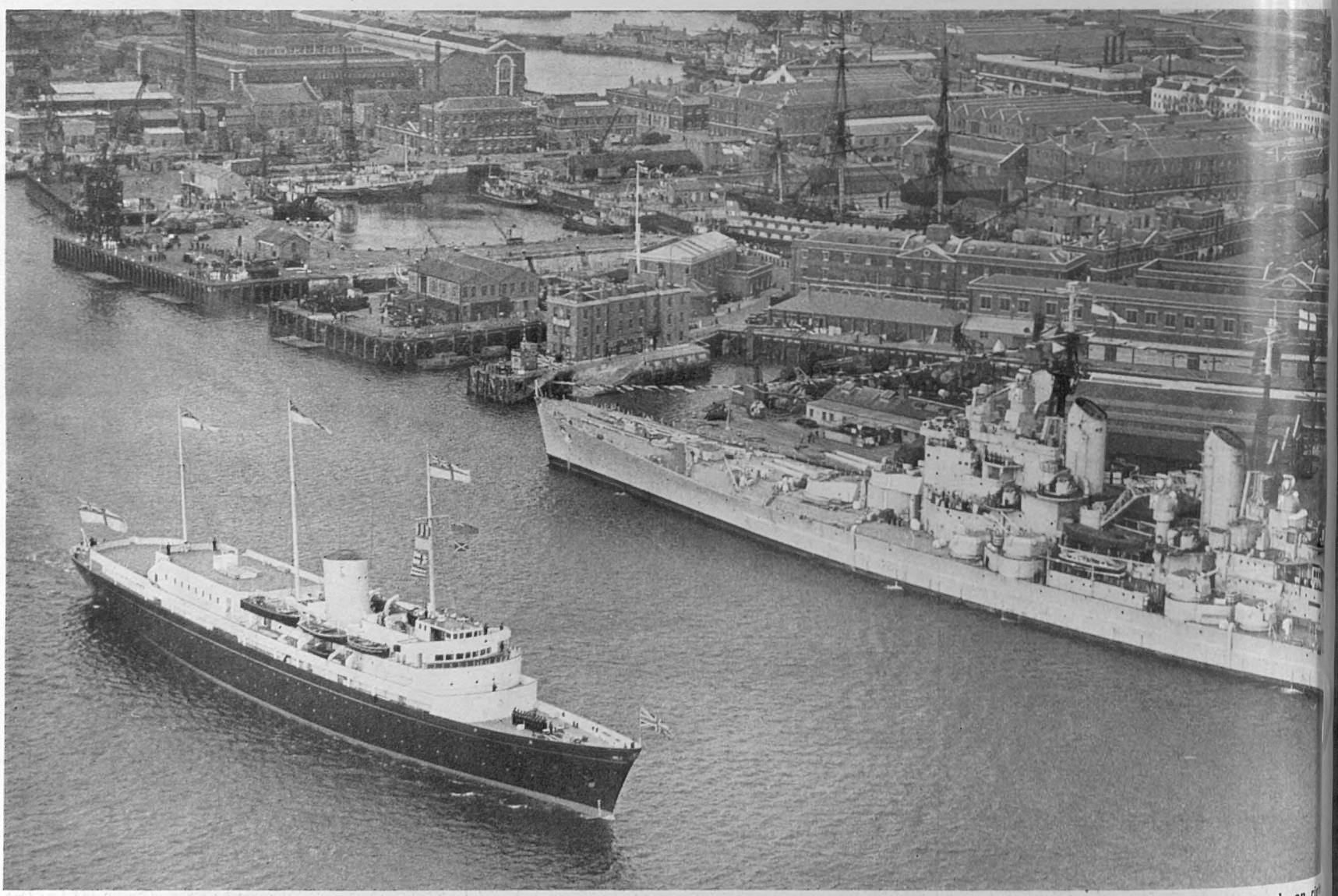
The principal guest was Mr. D. Heathcoat-Amory, Minister of State, Board of Trade. It was to him that the Master Cutler, Mr. R. L. Walsh, made the point that drew the biggest applause of the evening. Referring to the export drive of Sheffield firms, he said: "May I very quietly suggest, knowing your enthusiasm for the export trade, that you take the Chancellor of the Exchequer by the hand and have a few words with him when he is admiring some of those Hereford cattle he owns. Quietly tell him that the directors in industry take a dim view of one or two of Her Majesty's members of the Inland Revenue who quietly say: 'In our opinion you don't need to entertain those overseas guests.'"

THE ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH STATION AND THE GREETING BY THE LORD MAYOR, ALDERMAN FRANK MILES, AND THE C.-IN-C., ADMIRAL SIR JOHN EDELSTEN : For the journey from London to the dockyard the two young children were dressed in Cambridge blue, but after they had embarked in the *Britannia* they changed into warmer coats of forest green. Each child also had a pink carnation. There were handshakes with civic and naval officials and an almost endless round of questions. Once on board Prince Charles and Princess Anne went about the ship inspecting their apartments, finally standing by the rail to wave farewell.

# THE DEPARTURE OF THE "BRITANNIA"

*The Royal Yacht Sails from Portsmouth with the Queen's Children on Board*

THE TWO YOUNG CHILDREN GAZ UPWARDS TOWARDS THE FLAG! They are being accompanied o their journey by their nurses an members of the Royal Househol The first of the two children to g on board was Princess Anne. Sh walked up the gangway with th Queen Mother, followed by Prin cess Margaret and Prince Charle



THE ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA" SAILS ON HER 2,800-MILE MAIDEN VOYAGE TO TOBRUK : This picture shows the *Britannia* passing the battleship *Vanguard*, and, on ri steaming off Southsea. As she made her way out to sea a Scottish piper could be heard from his position below the bridge. The frigate *Portchester Castle* escorted *Britannia* from Spithead to Portland, and from there on she was accompanied by the frigate *Loch Alvie*. At Portland the Royal yacht carried out compass adjustme

THE LAST FAREWELLS FROM THE QUAYSIDE: The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret stayed at the dockyard until the Royal yacht had got clear of the jetty. Then they returned to the station for the journey back to London.

# FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

*A Pictorial Account of Recent Events in India and Europe, Africa and America*

**ANTI-FRENCH DEMONSTRATIONS IN INDIA : Part of a procession of 100 people marching along the streets of New Delhi to protest in front of the French Embassy against the French possession of four settlements in India. They carried placards, and shouted, both in English and Hindi, "Down with French Imperialism" and "Quit Pondicherry." The authorities took elaborate precautions to protect the French Embassy.**

Over the past weeks the Indian Government, backed by an outburst of nationalist fervour, has been waging a war of attrition against the French and Portuguese Governments. Notes to both countries have complained of disorder and oppressive measures in the French settlement at Pondicherry and the Portuguese colony at Goa. Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, had suggested that the administration of these places should be made the immediate responsibility of the Indian Government pending a final transfer of power. Both the French and the Portuguese Governments have rejected Indian accusations and their implications, but a certain amount of pressure is being brought to bear on them. Nationalist partisans "occupied" three small French enclaves, though Mr. Nehru refused to take over their administration. Petrol supplies to the French settlements were cut off, although it was claimed that this step had been taken only to protect India's legitimate interests in the areas concerned, and Mr. Nehru denied the suggestion that they were designed to exert economic pressure on the local population.

**AN AMERICAN COMMUNITY CENTRE FOR THE SWEEPERS' COLONY IN DELHI : Dr. Enswinger, extreme left, the representative of the Ford Foundation, and the Indian President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, during the singing of a hymn before the opening of the Ford Foundation Community Centre. The sweepers, who clean the Delhi streets, has for long been considered as belonging to the lowest strata of society, and had been regarded as "Untouchables." The late Mahatma Gandhi, however, called them the "children of God," and used to make a point of staying in their colony whenever he visited New Delhi. It was partly for these reasons that the Ford Foundation decided to build their new Community Centre in that part of the Indian capital.**

**THE AEROPLANE WHICH ENDED UP IN HOSPITAL : An American-built single-engined Vultee Valiant of the Egyptian Air Force after it had crashed into the dormitory wing of an eye hospital in a suburb of Cairo. The aircraft was flying very low, spraying D.D.T., when it crashed into some high palm trees. The pilot, who was killed, lost control and the aeroplane crashed into the building. Two nurses in the hospital were injured.**

**ROAD SAFETY FOR GERMAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN : Policemen demonstrating how the rules of road safety should be applied on a model of part of the City of Hamburg. These demonstrations are being given in a large Hamburg store. Different school classes are brought there daily for this unusual and entertaining lesson on road drill.**

**SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST : The Diesel engine remained upright, while the more elderly steam engine was turned on its side after two trains had crashed two miles from Cleveland, Ohio. The Baltimore and Ohio Diesel engine was pulling seven coaches carrying 200 passengers when it came into collision with a goods train which was pulled by the steam engine. Both the trains were derailed.**

**GREAT FRIENDS AFTER THE TEST MATCH: Mr. William Bustamante, Jamaica's fiery Chief Minister, shaking hands with Len Hutton, captain of the M.C.C. Cricket Team in the West Indies. They met at a reception for the M.C.C. team in Kingston, Jamaica, after the England cricketers' victory there in the last Test Match.** Mr. Bustamante denied a story published in the local newspapers that Hutton had snubbed him on returning to the pavilion after his innings of 205. Mr. Bustamante also took the opportunity of acclaiming England's controversial fast bowler, Freddie Trueman, as "my hero."

**FIRE-FIGHTING BY FLOODLIGHT IN ROTTERDAM: Firemen trying to extinguish a blaze in the holds of the German motor-freighter *Tanga*, which was lying in a Rotterdam dockyard. The fire had broken out in one of the holds of the 5,729-ton ship, which belongs to the German Africa Line.** The vessel was loaded with highly inflammable copra, and members of the Rotterdam Fire Brigade encountered considerable difficulty in fighting the flames. Although they used forty hoses, they could not prevent the fire spreading to a second hold. A load of wild animals, part of the ship's cargo, was taken off the vessel and, working through the night, the Dutch fire-fighters gradually got the flames under control.

**A SIMULTANEOUS CARTRIDGE START IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: Sea Hawk aircraft of No. 806 Squadron simultaneously firing their starter cartridges on board H.M.S. *Eagle*, which is at present attached to the Mediterranean Fleet. The plumes of smoke rising from the fuselages are the exhaust gases from the cartridge starter motors. The cartridge, when fired, rotates the impeller blades in the jet engine, thus drawing in the first charge of fuel and setting the engine in motion.**

**A FRIENDLY CHAT AT THE UNITED NATIONS: Mr. Andrei Vishinsky speaking to the United Kingdom delegate, Sir Pierson Dixon, at a meeting of the United Nations Disarmament Commission in New York. At this meeting of the Commission, the first to be held for eighteen months, Sir Pierson Dixon proposed that private talks on disarmament between the four Great Powers and Canada should begin as soon as possible.** The proposal was welcomed by the American, French and Canadian delegates. Mr. Vishinsky described it as important and as deserving serious attention, but declined to take up a definite attitude towards it. At the same meeting the United States delegate, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, suggested that Mr. Nehru's statement on atomic and hydrogen tests should receive respectful attention. The Indian Prime Minister had said that there should be a standstill agreement among the Great Powers, which would stop any further tests.

**N.A.T.O.'S NEW HEADQUARTERS IN TURKEY: *On left*—Lieut.-Gen. Paul W. Kendall, the American Commander of the Allied Land Forces, South-East Europe, speaking at the dedication ceremony of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation headquarters at Izmir, in Turkey. *On right*—A general view of the ceremony in the pleasant port on the Ægean coast. The headquarters for N.A.T.O.'s South-East Europe Land Forces were handed over by the Turkish Government in the presence of Turkish, Greek and American officials. They consist of a five-storey building valued at £250,000 and will be the base for Lieut.-Gen. Kendall and his staff. General Kendall was formerly Commander of the American I Corps in Korea.**

A DAZZLING SUN GREETS THE QUEEN IN CEYLON: The Queen, with her eyes shut against the glare, is seen with the Duke shortly after arriving in Colombo. Accompanying the Royal visitors are the city's Mayor, Tiyagalingan Rudra, and his wife

# THE QUEEN IN COLOMBO

*A Cordial Welcome for the Royal Visitors when they Reached the Capital of Ceylon*

AT THE PRIME MINISTER'S GARDEN-PARTY: Sir John Kotelawela, Prime Minister of Ceylon, with his guests at a party which was held at his official residence, Temple Trees. The Queen and the Duke moved freely among the 3,000 guests who were assembled in the richly-illuminated grounds.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE: The Queen reading her speech at the opening of the Ceylon Parliament in the Independence Hall. Despite the oppressive heat, she wore her Coronation gown for the occasion. Behind stand the two Private Secretaries, Sir Michael Adeane and Commander Michael Parker, together with the ladies-in-waiting.

**THE NEW ASPECT OF HOUSING FOR WELSH COLLIERY WORKERS:** The semi-circular avenue of brick and concrete houses faces a wooded valley near Nantgarw Colliery, Caerphilly. These houses on the Tawelfryn Estate are let on the principle whereby one-third are occupied by miners, though they do not all live together in one row. This widens the horizons of the mining community without impairing their own strong communal spirit. The pleasant location of this estate is also in contrast to the old houses in the traditional mining village.

# THE MINER'S NEW PROSPERITY

## *How Higher Wages and Increased Security are Changing Life in the Valleys*

By J. E. HARTSHORN

A MINER who owns a motor-car, in Britain, still comes as a surprise to most people—including most miners. You expect it in West Pennsylvania, where the automobile is as inevitable an appendage of the 80-dollar-a-week man who works in "an underground factory with moving walls," as it is of every other American. Yet it still brings you up with a jolt, in a colliery yard in Nottinghamshire, to see a dozen or so cars run by miners who give three or four friends a lift to work every day, along the lanes to the pithead. And the Derbyshire men who recently had a special "Motor Show for Miners" brought to their village, and were photographed in their pit gear trying out some of the latest models, looked as if they, too, found it rather remarkable.

Yet to-day, while few British miners actually own cars, many more could probably afford them. The average earnings in mining to-day are about £11 a week, and it has been estimated that well over a third of the 2,500,000 cars on the roads of Britain are run by people with £12 a week or less. Many underground workers earn well above that average, and a mining household with more than one wage-earner may well command a total income of £25–30 a week. The "Motor Show for Miners" may not have booked many orders, but it may have set miners—and other people—thinking about current changes in the miners' way of living that may go deeper than a simple increase in prosperity.

The miners form, if not a nation within a nation, at least a very separate and specialised community, in most parts of Britain where coal is worked. And for the last forty years their way of living—a life as clearly distinct from other occupations as agriculture, not much less sharply removed than the sailor from the landlubber—has fallen below and behind the twentieth-century standards of amenity that people in other jobs enjoy. Their poverty accentuated their isolation, proud if not splendid, within the nation. But the steady rise in wages that began in the middle of the Second World War has now restored the miner to the position at the top of the country's wage ladder that he held in the great days of the British coal trade at the turn of the century. Will this extra money begin to break down the barriers between the insular, traditional community life of the mining villages and the smoother, perhaps rather less, individual pattern of living of the twentieth-century "common man"?

For the miner, on the whole, is a rather uncommon man. People who live in the coalfields will assure you that they can pick out a miner anywhere in a crowd, and it is true that even from a cursory acquaintance with mining you can often make a good guess that a man has worked underground. Many miners seem to fit into a prevailing physical type; not above medium height, stocky, very powerful in the shoulders, but often slightly bent, and lean, particularly in the face. And mining still leaves its signature on the face, in the tiny blue scars most miners carry, sometimes grey-shadowed eyelids where dust has penetrated beneath the skin over the years. This holds good, broadly, at all levels in the pit; an area general manager, worth perhaps £3,500 a year, stepping out of his chauffeur-driven limousine to enter his home in its own grounds, may still look a good deal more like one of the 30,000 miners he controls than like other moderately prosperous business executives.

And miners, in general, live among miners. Certainly, generalisations are dangerous; there are pits on the fringes of some of the industrial cities, while in certain smaller coalfields, such as Kent, the mines and the miners are knit into the countryside and the ordinary village communities. But the traditional picture of the mining village straggling around and below the pit is still very often a true one; though light industries have intruded into the valleys to employ their daughters, and many a son has gone, most of the men who remain in the village will get their living, directly or indirectly, from the mine. One generalisation, indeed, is safe;

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**MINERS CROWD TO THEIR OWN MOTOR SHOW:** The first motor show to be held specially for miners, at Creswell, Derbyshire. Ten types of car were on view, and miners were offered a number of hire purchase and long-term hire schemes. With as much as £30 a week coming into some mining homes, these offers attract great interest.

**COLLIERY HOUSING—OLD AND NEW:** *On left*—A row of old houses, back to back in Holytown, Lanarkshire. *On right*—A new estate at Thurnscoe, near Doncaster. As building cannot keep up with the demand, most of the older houses in mining areas are still occupied. The new houses are, wherever possible, so laid out as to give plenty of space for children's recreation.

**A SWIMMING-BATH AND A SPORTS PAVILION CONTRIBUTE TO THE MINERS' SPARE-TIME RELAXATION:** *On left*—The baths at the Sherwood Colliery, Nottinghamshire. *On right*—The newly-erected sports pavilion at the Bilsthorpe Colliery, also in Nottinghamshire. In recent years increased attention has been paid to amenities for the leisure time of colliery workers and their families, especially at week-ends. The locations of sports grounds and other places of recreation are usually near the colliery; this enables miners—and their families—to enjoy a complete break from work, if only for a short time, without having to go too far away from their homes.

# THE MINER'S NEW PROSPERITY

(*Continued from previous page*)

that during most of this century miners have been recruited almost exclusively from miners' sons or mining communities; little "green labour" has come into the industry, though many men have left it. The villages in the valleys are still remarkably self-contained; miners and their families even to-day do not mix very much with people outside, and there remains a certain amount of ignorance, and suspicion, on both sides.

Much of this insularity arises from the nature, and the circumstances, of the industry. Coal is where you find it, and where you find it is often, geographically, fairly isolated. A miner is a highly-skilled craftsman, exercising his skill in working conditions that people in other jobs find it hard even to imagine. Those conditions demand from him a grinding, continuous bravery and alertness, and an utter dependence upon the men who work beside him in the mine, as well as a degree of physical effort not matched in many surface trades; all these things contribute to the complete, unsentimental mutual trust that any visitor can sense underground as he stumbles after his sure-footed guide, and to the wary, kindly contempt with which that guide regards him. The miner has no vocabulary adequate to explain to the man who has never been underground what his work is like, and is, anyway, too tired to bother; he generally works shifts, some of them very oddly spaced, so that his leisure will often be shared with men who work the same hours; and the mixture of danger, effort and uncertainty in his work cause it to dominate his mind in leisure hours to an extent few other jobs do. The danger, too, is never far away from the mind of his wife while he is underground; and the shared tragedy of colliery disasters is another cement to bind the mining villages together.

These mining villages often seem rather more old-fashioned than other industrial areas, just as industrial working families, on the whole, are perhaps rather more old-fashioned and conventional than the middle classes. Housing has a good deal to do with this; the mining villages, worse housed and more overcrowded than many city clums, may cramp to-day's well-paid inhabitants into a physical frame of Edwardian poverty. Nothing makes for neighbourliness like sharing a common outside sink; and family life is perforce closer-knit when the young people growing up and marrying may have to set up house with in-laws. The mining communities, like any smallish groups of families with strong common interests and a defensive suspicion towards the world outside, are strongly bound by local and occupational tradition; and most miners are ultra-conservative with a small "c"—which may, of course, in the traditionally "Red" areas, involve them in voting Communist.

But the bleak, dingy houses are surprisingly cosy within, and were when miners earned far less than they do to-day; and the miner, despite his reserve towards the world in general, is extremely hospitable to the individual visitor. His friendship is not lightly given; coming from a softer, easier world, you sometimes find it uncomfortably searching to talk to men who are used to weighing their fellows by how they would shape in a sudden emergency underground; but he is cheerful and often wryly humorous. He is generous, if not always tolerant; mining communities probably support more small charities than most others, for the ever-present disabled men of the village, however cheerful, are a constant reminder of what the industry used to call bitterly "blood on the coal." And he is not short of amusement; to a greater extent than most people nowadays, he still makes his own.

The Miners' Institute is often the core of social life in a mining village. Solidly built, a centre for trade-union

CATERING FOR THE LEISURE TIME OF MINERS AND THEIR FAMILIES: The Community and Miners' Welfare Centre at Kells, in Fifeshire. It is said that a good community centre often persuades the younger generation of miners not to leave the collieries for the industrial cities.

A WELCOME AMENITY FOR THE WIVES: The nursery at the Kells Community Centre. Here the wives of pit-workers are able to get expert advice on the health of their children, and can leave them in the care of a nurse for part of the day.

THE MINER OUT OF DOORS AND AT HOME: *On left*—A Kirkcaldy miner with his greyhound. Many colliery workers keep these animals and race them on one of the many small tracks in the coalfields. *On right*—Teatime in a newly-furnished home. The old houses also are most comfortable within.

A MINER COMES HOME WITH THE DAWN: A scene typical of almost any mining area in Britain, as the miner returns from the night shift to the deserted street near the pithead. Coal-mining is a 24-hour task.

activities, friendly societies, and the choir or brass band that are usually to be found, these Institutes draw together all the social activities; to a greater extent, to-day, than the church or chapel in most areas, though some mining villages are probably more strongly religious than industrial areas of the cities. A popular local institute may sometimes tip the balance when a miner is deciding whether to move to one of the new housing estates, with more material amenities, though much more expensive than his own cottage, or to hold on to the social contacts of his own village. The choice is seldom straightforward; many miners would prefer to live in mining suburbs of a town, where entertainments and amusements are more easily bought, but not many like to move into estates where their neighbours are not miners.

Hobbies? The miner is addicted to them. He may often own a greyhound or a whippet, racing it at the small local stadiums that abound in the coalfields. He often goes in for activities connected with his own craft—voluntary ambulance or first-aid classes. He is, or was until recently, a serious consumer of various forms of "self-improvement"-classes run by the local authorities or by national organisations; though the wider spread of general education, and of bought amusements like the cinema, seems to be superseding this. The cinema is hardly a hobby, and neither is politics; but

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TRANSPORT FROM THE PITHEAD: A bus waiting to take miners home after their shift at Lynemouth Colliery, Kent. One of the recent developments in the coalfields in Kent is that the houses of miners are often some distance from the pithead, so that the workers are taken to and from the collieries by specially chartered buses.

**STRIKE—THE BITTER PART OF A MINER'S LIFE: A family discussion in a mining home in Monk Bretton during the great strike in the South Yorkshire coalfields in 1947. *On left*—The miners of Grimethorpe gathering in one of the public squares at Cudworth, near Barnsley, after a mass meeting during the 1947 strike. On this occasion the miners at Grimethorpe Colliery were on strike for more than four weeks. Serious disputes in the coal industry have been fortunately rare since the war. When they do occur, they constitute a period of great unhappiness for everyone, and much bitterness is engendered.**

**IN THE HEART OF THE WELSH COALFIELDS: Tonypandy, in the Rhondda Valley, with the Naval Colliery as the centre of activity. The straight rows of cramped houses are symbolic of the hardship of the miner's life, but the great valleys have a strange appeal for all who know it and few take lightly the decision to leave.**

**THE COLLIERY OF TO-DAY AND THE FUTURE: The No. 2 headgear winding shaft at Calverton Colliery, near Nottingham. Also in this picture of what is described as one of the most modern collieries in Europe are the garages and pithead offices. Calverton Colliery was visited by Princess Margaret earlier this month.**

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# THE MINER'S NEW PROSPERITY *(Cont.)*

both might fairly be described as addictions of the miner, and both to some extent open a door in his horizon. The miner is not exactly unprejudiced in his politics, but he devotes more time and thought to them than most other groups in the community do. He practises some sport, notably boxing, but watches more; he will go a long way—and miss a day's work if necessary—to see a mid-week football match or a near-by race meeting. He is often a rather inveterate gambler, just as he is on average a fairly large consumer of beer. He has a good excuse for the drink in the vast quantities of moisture that are simply boiled out of his body in the long, perspiring hours underground; and whether a dangerous job is a good excuse for gambling or not, the miner's reliance on luck as a guiding principle is easy to understand.

If this is a reasonable picture, albeit sketchy and generalised, of the home life of the miner, as it was and in many villages still is, how is it changing? Are higher earnings making much difference? Perhaps the fairest answer is that they are beginning to accelerate changes that have been occurring for some time. The greatest of these, perhaps, started as long ago as the '20's; it was the arrival of the motor-bus, threading its way through the valleys and restoring a new freedom of movement and communication to the mining areas. The bus has freed many miners from the immediate vicinity of the pithead; and hence, if they want to leave, from the specialised mining community; miners will often to-day travel ten or twenty miles each way to a pit. It freed the miner's family, too, from the local shop and the tinpot village cinema; to-day, with money to spend, they have the opportunity to indulge new ideas about spending it. Linked with the improvement of educational standards, the growing circulation of the popular Press, and the cinema, this freedom of transport has to some extent penetrated the barriers of the mining communities. More non-mining families have arrived, as have the small factories; and the miners' wives who determined that their sons should not go down the pit have had the chance to find other jobs for them within reach.

Higher earnings in mining will inevitably mean more comfort—the television set, the kitchen equipment, the minor luxuries that gradually seem to be turning into "conventional necessities" in England, as they are in the United States; the power-assisted bicycle, the motor-cycle and eventually the car may follow for this highest-paid of industrial workers.

**TWO WAYS OF SPENDING THEIR LEISURE: *On left*—A tennis match at the South-Eastern Divisional Inter-Colliery Sports on the Betteshanger Welfare ground, in Kent. *On right*—A game of dominoes in which everyone seems to participate at the local pub. near Nantgarw Colliery, in Taff Vale. In some areas the social and welfare clubs, in others the "locals," organise the activities of colliery workers and their families.**

Housing, for a time, seems likely to remain a brake on this improvement; there is a limit to the amenities that can be fitted into obsolete and ill-equipped houses, though the National Coal Board and the local authorities are starting upon the task of replacement. This is undoubtedly a good thing, for the country as well as for the miners; the fact that many miners have found little as attractive to buy as leisure, for one shift or more each week, has cost Britain millions of tons of coal since the war. Moreover, higher earnings, and the fairly favourable publicity accorded to-day to the miners, as distinct from the coal industry, have undoubtedly done something to lighten the chip on the miner's shoulder, and to allay the suspicion with which he views the outside world—as well as his new bosses.

These changes are for the good; there is little in the history of the mining villages over which anyone needs to wax sentimental. Yet one may be excused the doubt whether these earnings and living standards —which will continue to rise, absolutely and probably by comparison with the rest of the community—will ever quite merge the mining families into the more carefree, more regular, and perhaps less dramatic pattern of "ordinary life." If the miner walks five miles to work over the mountainside or drives in fresh in his own saloon car, his purpose is still to drop, sickeningly fast, away from ordinary life into a darkly echoing warren of tunnels, an atmosphere charged heavily with pumped air and the taste of peril, to claw at the obdurate earth. Nuclear power, or new methods of working the coal from the surface, might perhaps one day iron out mining into "just another job." But while men have to go down to get the coal out of the earth, mining is not likely to become a job for quite "the common man."

# The Jagans go to Gaol

*The Campaign of Civil Disobedience by the People's Progressive Party in Georgetown, British Guiana, in which Many Arrests were Made and Dr. Jagan was Sentenced to Imprisonment*

**GEORGETOWN CROWDS GATHER AS ARRESTS BEGIN : Police jumping off their truck outside the headquarters of the British Guiana People's Progressive Party in Georgetown. They were about to arrest more than twenty-five members of the party for contravening various emergency regulations. Among the charges was one of holding an illegal procession in protest against an earlier arrest of Dr. Cheddi Jagan, for which six party members were each fined £20.**

**THE PARTY SIGN FOR THE FAITHFUL : Dr. Cheddi Jagan, leader of the People's Progressive Party and former Prime Minister of British Guiana, giving the sign of the three P's to his supporters after his arrest. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for violating an order restricting his movements to Georgetown, and elected to serve another two months for organising a procession.**

After their failure to persuade the mass of the people of British Guiana to dramatic action, the communistic People's Progressive Party of British Guiana has instituted a campaign of Civil Disobedience. One of the results of this campaign, which is in many ways reminiscent of those conducted in India, is that most of the party leaders have infringed the minor laws of the Colony, and have been arrested, released and re-arrested with almost monotonous regularity during the past few weeks. The most important outcome of all this activity is the sentence of six months' imprisonment which was imposed on Dr. Cheddi Jagan, the Party's leader and the dismissed Prime Minister of the last Government. Dr. Jagan was sentenced for violating an order restricting his movements to Georgetown. He had been arrested in a village forty miles from the Colony's capital. Dr. Jagan and his wife, and four other members of P.P.P., were also fined for holding an illegal procession, and Dr. Jagan elected to serve the alternative of two months' imprisonment. Judging by their smiling faces, the arrested party leaders appeared to be enjoying their situation. Imprisonment, and the inevitable popularity that seems to accompany it, is all part of a well-run Civil Disobedience Campaign.

**THE TEMPORARY RELEASE OF MRS. JAGAN : Mrs. Janet Jagan with Mr. L. F. S. Burnham, right, after she had been released on bail. She had spent a night in gaol after being charged with organising and taking part in a number of processions. Mr. Burnham, formerly Chairman of the Party, has throughout the various trials been acting as counsel for the defence of all arrested Party members.**

*Above*—**THE CHEERFUL PRISONERS : Dr. Cheddi Jagan and his wife Janet, together with other party members, grin cheerfully from a window in the Magistrate's Court in Georgetown at their supporters gathered below.**

*On right*—**THE FIRST ARREST OF DR. JAGAN : The smiling ex-Premier is led away to a police van after being charged with holding an illegal procession. Soon after his release on bail, Dr. Jagan was re-arrested on another count.**

# HAWTHORN'S NARROWEST ESCAPE

*In the Sicilian Grand Prix at Syracuse, the British Racing Star's Ferrari Hit a Wall and Burst into Flames*

*On right—*

**TWO WRECKED FERRARIS BLAZE ON THE TRACK AT SYRACUSE, SICILY: Shortly before this picture was taken they were being driven by the British racing star Mike Hawthorn and Froilan Gonzales of the Argentine.** The accident, which was the narrowest escape Hawthorn has ever had, happened when he swerved to avoid a skidding Maserati, driven by Onofre Marimon of the Argentine, skidded himself, and crashed into a wall. His car immediately burst into flames. Hawthorn, his clothes alight, leaped out and rolled on the ground to smother the flames. Immediately behind him, his Ferrari team-mate Froilan Gonzales pulled up to help Hawthorn and to call the ambulance men. His car, however, had no handbrake; while he was attending Hawthorn, it rolled forward into the burning Ferrari and also caught alight. Both cars were completely burned out. Hawthorn was taken to hospital with burns on his legs, left arm and face, but was discharged the next day. Questions have been asked in Parliament recently about Hawthorn's call-up; Hawthorn said after the crash that he did not intend returning to England, but would get further medical treatment for his burns in Rome.



**FIREMEN AT WORK ON THE CARS: By the time they reached the scene of the accident, the cars were almost completely burned out. A car catching fire is, in a hazardous occupation, the racing motorist's greatest fear.**



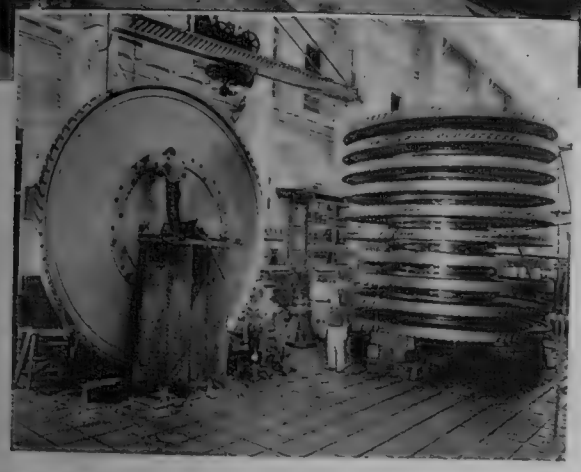
**HAWTHORN PREPARES FOR HIS UNLUCKIEST RACE: The race, the Grand Prix of Sicily, nearly a fatal one for Hawthorn, was won by Farina.**



**HAWTHORN LEAVES ON A STRETCHER: People who saw the crash say that Hawthorn's escape was a near miracle.**



**NOT HUMPTY-DUMPTY: Froilan Gonzales, unhurt, perches disconsolately on a wall near his wrecked car.** *On right*—**THE WINNER: Guiseppe Farina, also a Ferrari driver, is flagged over the line. French driver Maurice Trintignant, in another Ferrari, was second.**



A WIND-TUNNEL CAPABLE OF REPRODUCING SUPERSONIC SPEEDS: This is the wind-tunnel which has been built at the Ames Aeronautical Laboratory, at Moffett Field, in California, for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. *On left*—A craftsman seen balancing one of the huge rotor discs which will drive the 1,300-ton eleven-stage, axial flow compressor to be installed in the wind-tunnel. On the right of this picture are the other ten discs which will be used in the compressor, each of them weighing 5 tons. The compressor has been built by the Newport News (Virginia) Shipbuilding Company, and cost £750,000. When the Ames tunnel is completed it will enable scientists to carry out experiments at speeds of over 2,000 miles per hour.

# A SUPERSONIC WIND-TUNNEL

## And a New Amphibian Beach Landing-Craft

*Pictures of Two Recent Military Developments in the United States of America*

A NEW AMPHIBIAN LANDING-CRAFT IS PUT THROUGH ITS PACES: The amphibian is seen charging through the surf as it enters the sea during trials held at Onslow Beach, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, recently. *On right*—Fully-armed Marines jumping from the craft as it returns to the shore. The amphibian, which is known as the LVTP-5, has been developed by the Ingersoll Products Division of the Borg Warner Corporation, and is a modern version of the old assault vehicle used by the United States Army during the war, the LVT. The LVTP-5 combines the amphibious qualities of the LVT, but has a greatly improved performance: its speed in water and on land is faster than that of the older vehicle, and it is more manœuvrable. The amphibian can carry twenty-six fully-armed Marines.

A BRITISH ROYAL NAVAL CORVETTE ARRIVES NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRASHED COMET AIRLINER: The search for the crashed plane began during the night and was intensified at dawn, but it was not until the afternoon that the first wreckage was sighted forty miles off the coastal town of Paola, Southern Italy, and about 200 miles from Rome, the last stopping-place of the Johannesburg-bound Comet. As soon as news of the plane's disappearance was announced, ships and aircraft stood by for rescue operations. The Comet carried fourteen passengers and a crew of seven.

SEARCHING PLANES TAKE OFF TO ASSIST THE SURFACE CRAFT: The first plane to locate the floating wreckage was a machine from N.A.T.O. headquarters at Naples; further debris was later seen by an Italian air-sea rescue plane. In the afternoon following the crash, a B.E.A. Elizabethan located wreckage about 55 miles west of the Italian mainland.

# SEARCHING FOR THE COMET

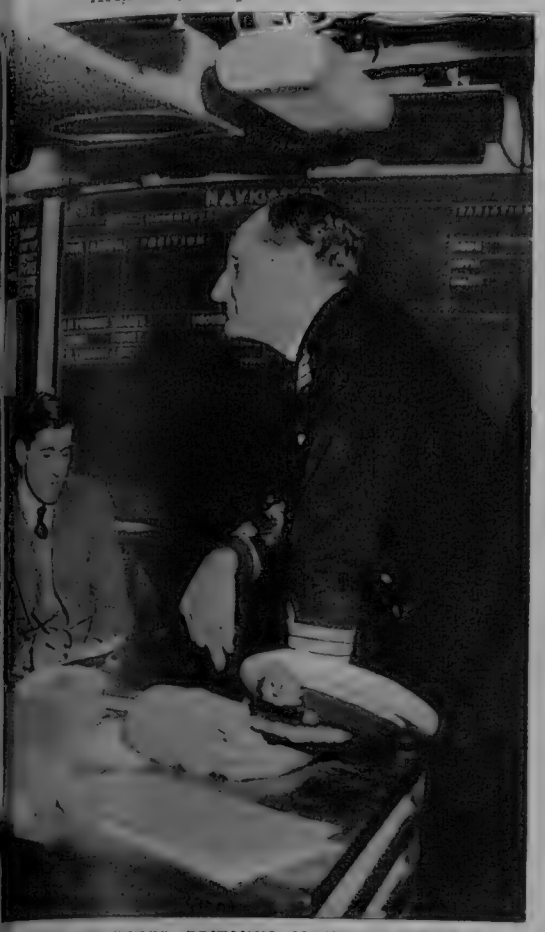
*Ships and Aircraft of Many Nations Join in the Widespread Search for the Ill-Fated Airliner which Crashed off the Coast of Southern Italy*

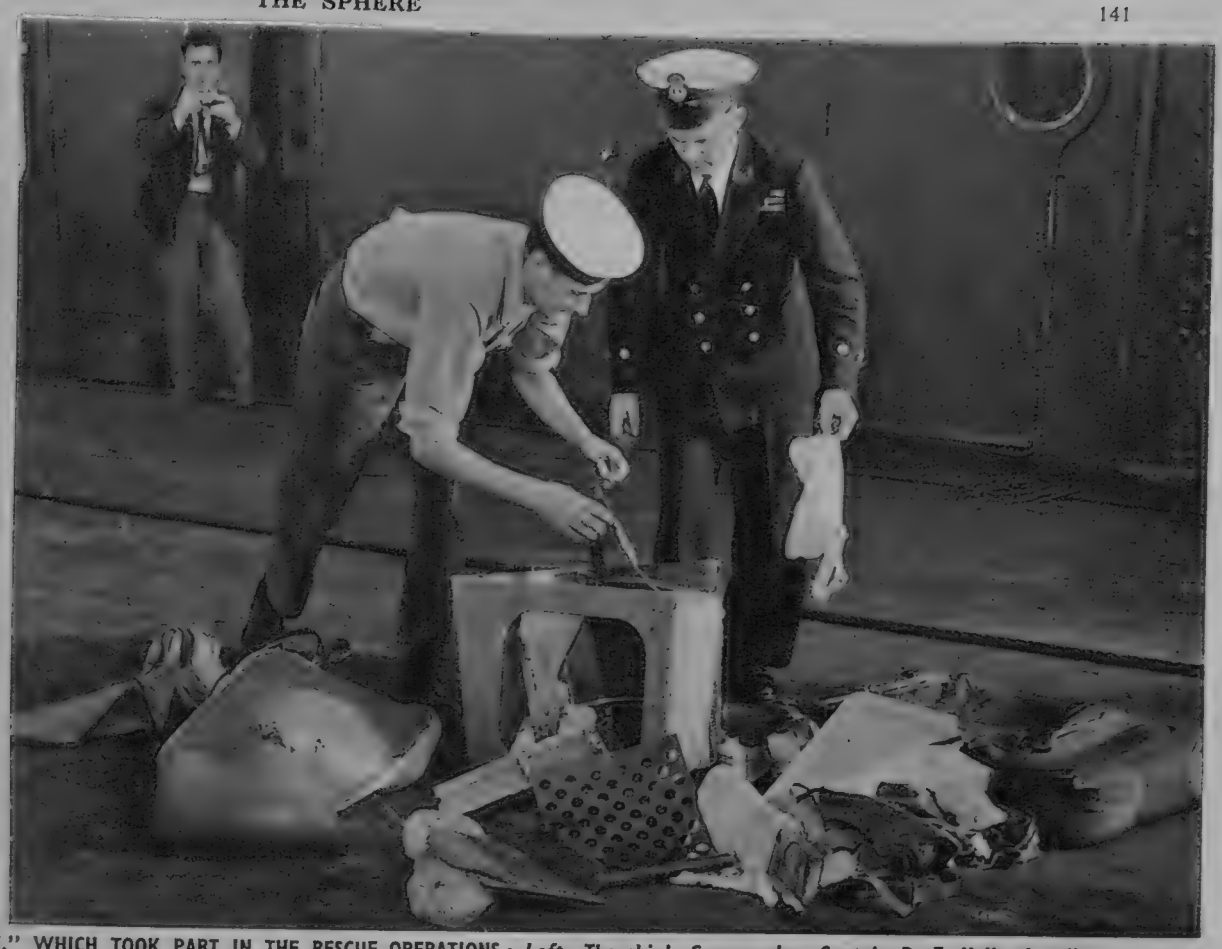
A HURRIED CONFERENCE BEFORE TAKING OFF: Two pilots seen studying a map of the course known to have been taken by the ill-fated Comet, G-ALYY.

The B.O.A.C. Comet jet airliner which crashed in the Mediterranean just before Easter was the second disaster of its kind within a matter of weeks. The aircraft had taken off from Rome and was proceeding on its journey to Cairo with Johannesburg as its ultimate destination; the previous ill-fated machine had also called at Rome (en route to London) and had travelled about the same distance northwards when that, too, crashed into the sea. On both occasions all passengers and members of the crews lost their lives.

As soon as it became apparent that the second Comet was overdue, ships and aircraft of many nations set out in an extensive search, and wreckage was first seen by a plane operating from N.A.T.O. headquarters at Naples. The carrier *Eagle* speeded to the spot and recovered several bodies and small pieces of debris, but there was no sign of the main fuselage; it had presumably sunk in about 520 fathoms of water. This fact will greatly handicap any inquiry into the cause of the disaster. However, the reports of examinations on the bodies of the victims seem to bear some resemblance to those of the previous crash off the coast of Elba.

All other Comet aircraft were immediately grounded and it was announced that they would not carry any more passengers until the cause of the two tragedies had been ascertained. In the hope of discovering these defects, B.O.A.C. said that they were willing to hand over one or two Comets for investigation.





SCENES ON BOARD BRITAIN'S AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "EAGLE," WHICH TOOK PART IN THE RESCUE OPERATIONS: *Left*—The ship's Commander, Captain D. E. Holland, tells a group of journalists how his ship dashed to the scene of the crash and picked up five bodies and wreckage. Some of the wreckage is seen, *on right*, being sorted by a Master-at-Arms and a rating of the ship's company. The carrier cruised in the area for about twenty-four hours and then returned to Naples bearing the bodies and wreckage.

*On left*—STUDYING THE COMET'S ROUTE TO CAIRO: Commander Thomas Ball, Lieut. Jack Crawford and Lieut. Rod Bookout confer at their aerodrome before going out to take part in the extensive search.

*On right*—JOURNALISTS BOARD THE "EAGLE" TO LOOK AT THE WRECKAGE: They are seen asking questions about the debris, which includes parts of the Comet's seats, some clothing and documents. Most of the main wreckage, however, now lies in deep water and its recovery is considered to be almost impossible.

H.M.S. "EAGLE" STEAMS INTO NAPLES HARBOUR CARRYING THE BODIES OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS: The flag in the foreground was one of the many flying at half-mast in memory of the deceased. While men from the *Eagle* and the destroyer *Daring* recovered the bodies from the water, two Italian warships, *Ibis* and *Urania*, and the ocean-going naval tug *Tenace*, patrolled the area. The Italian ships also picked up a little debris. The crashed Comet—G-ALYY—was being operated by South African Airways.

*Ecclesiastical News*

# Lincoln's Memorial Window

## *A Big Top Blessing; Lydd's Dual-Purpose Building; Brighton's Service for Animals*

**PREPARING THE R.A.F. BOMBER COMMAND MEMORIAL WINDOW FOR LINCOLN CATHEDRAL: Mr. A. M. Stammers is seen in his studio at York, working on the picture of the Archangel Michael slaying the Dragon, the main theme of the memorial window for the Airmen's Chapel of St. Michael in the Cathedral.** It will commemorate 55,500 members of Bomber Command killed in the war and will be unveiled by the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Bomber Command, Air Marshal Sir George H. Mills, and dedicated by the Bishop of Lincoln on Saturday, May 8 (feast day of the Apparition of St. Michael). The main theme of the window is based on Revelation 12, verses 7-9: "And there was war in Heaven: Michael and his Angels fought against the dragon . . . and the great dragon was cast out." Other sections include the badge of Bomber Command; crests of the Arms of the British Isles and of the diocese of Lincoln; two figures symbolic of air and ground crews; and a scene of an aircraft caught by searchlights.

**RECORDING AN AIR BATTLE: The artist is seen painting a scene depicting Lancaster bombers on a battle mission, against a background of flak and searchlights. A sum of £750 has been subscribed for the memorial window by members and former members of the R.A.F.**

**THE CIRCUS OPENS WITH A SERVICE:** Animals and performers assembled in front of the Big Top for the Blessing the Circus service conducted by the Rev. E. C. Lucey, at Chessington Zoo, Surrey, just before the circus opened for its first two-week run of the season on Easter Monday. It will reopen on Whit Monday and then continue until September 4.

**A BLOCKHOUSE FOR THE PLUTO PIPE-LINE, BECOMES A CHURCH AND SOCIAL CENTRE AT LYDD, KENT: The addition at the end of the building acts as the sanctuary, and, as seen in the picture on right; can be shut off when the building is required for other purposes.** The consecration was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury on Palm Sunday, the procession of clergy having crossed the beaches en route from the roadway to the building for the ceremony. Conversion of the blockhouse into its new use was made possible by a small company of local residents, including the lighthouse-keeper, who raised the £300 required for the work by holding whist-drives and similar functions. Then six of the men set to work and refurbished the building; put in a new floor; made other minor alterations, and built the sanctuary.

**THE BISHOP OF LEWES MEETS SATAN THE LAMB: The Right Rev. Geoffrey H. Warde holds his pastoral staff in his left hand while he fondles the black lamb held by sixteen-year-old Valerie Sycamore, of Horley, Surrey; on the left is David West, of Lewes, with Betty, a white lamb.** The occasion was a service for animals held in the grounds of Brighton's Royal Pavilion. About 800 animals were at the service, which was arranged by the Mayoress, Mrs. J. E. Hay, as part of a campaign to prevent cruelty to animals and to encourage children to be kind to their pets.

# Roman London Unearthed

*Important Excavations in Walbrook and an Ancient Coffin Discovered in Holborn*

**A RELIC OF ROMAN LONDON ON A BOMBED SITE IN THE CITY : The apse wall in the foreground, and the sleeper wall behind, of a building which has gradually come to light as a result of excavations between Queen Victoria Street and Walbrook. These excavations considerably enhance the knowledge of archæologists about Roman London some 1,700 years ago.**

*On right—*
**THE INNER FACE OF THE SLEEPER WALL : A workman carrying on with the excavation of one of the most important sections of the find. On the extreme left can be seen one of the circular bases which, set at intervals of about 5 ft., once supported stone columns.**

**THE IMPORTANT EXCAVATIONS AT WALBROOK : A view of the work of excavation in progress from the Walbrook end of the site in the City. In the foreground is the sleeper wall, and behind it is a wall known as the apsidal end. The excavation is on a bombed site on the west side of the street leading from the Mansion House to Cannon Street.** Work has been carried out for the past two years by the Roman and Medieval London Excavation Council under the direction of Mr. W. F. Grimes. The apsidal walls are believed to be those of a well-built house or public building of the second century A.D., though there are suggestions that the remains of a number of other periods are also on the site. One of the results of the excavations is that doubt is now cast on an old theory about Roman London. It had hitherto been supposed that the Walbrook stream and the later street there coincided. Now for the first time the bed of the stream can be traced, and it has been estimated that it ran 60 ft. west of its supposed course. It is probable that the current excavations are the most important made in the City of London for a very long time.

**A ROMAN COFFIN FOUND IN HOLBORN : A representative of the Guildhall Museum removing soil from the top of a coffin found on a building site at the junction of Shoe Lane and Charterhouse Street. *On right*—Further progress is made by Museum representatives in the uncovering and removal of the coffin.** This is only the latest of a series of discoveries made during the building of the Diamond Corporation's new offices on the Holborn site. Six skeletons, as well as pottery fragments, have also been found. It is believed that the relics date from the second century of the Roman occupation of Britain, and that the site was once a cemetery just outside Newgate.

# A SCHOOL for FORESTERS

*Faskally House, near Pitlochry, which has Recently been made into a Training College for the Forestry Commission*

**TRAINING BRITAIN'S YOUNG FORESTERS—THE NEW TRAINING SCHOOL AT FASKALLY HOUSE, PITLOCHRY : The students in the picture *above* are being taught how to measure the volume of timber in a tree, and, *on left*, two of the students gain some practice in the handling of a saw, while another swings an axe. Faskally House is run by the Forestry Commission to train men for supervisory staff in the State Forest Services and on private estates. This year, nineteen trained men will graduate from Faskally House.**

**SAWING LOGS INTO SUITABLE LENGTHS FOR PIT PROPS : Every aspect of the timber trade and forestry work is taught to the students at Faskally House. The majority of the thirty-seven students who are now on a course there have already completed their National Service, and their ages range from nineteen to thirty.**

**FASKALLY HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE FORESTER TRAINING SCHOOL : The house was purchased by the Forestry Commission in 1953, and it replaces a temporary school opened soon after the war at Glentress, Peebles.**

**NOT ALL THE WORK IS IN THE OPEN AIR : Students are seen listening to Dr. Chrystal, a member of the staff of the school, who is a specialist in entomology.**

It is Britain's policy to produce within the next fifty years over 5,000,000 acres of productive woodland, and although much is being done on the actual forestry estates, it was discovered that there was a scarcity of trained men who could take over supervisory positions, and it was to augment the number of men available that the new school at Faskally House was opened.

Before the war there was only one school north of the Border, and this was at Benmore House, Dunoon, which trained, and still does train, fifteen men a year. This was not sufficient, and so another school was opened at Glentress, in Peebles, in 1946. The buildings, however, were only of a temporary nature, and it was soon found that the cost of keeping these buildings in a good state of repair was going to prove extremely expensive. But last year the Forestry Commission were given the opportunity of purchasing Faskally House, which stands in the centre of a district made famous by the forestry work carried out by the Dukes of Atholl, and which was in every way ideal for a Forester training school. The temporary school at Peebles was closed in July last year and the first term at Faskally House started in August.

Before entering the school the prospective student must have carried out one year's work on a forestry estate and have proved himself keen for the work and reasonably proficient in the use of tools. He must also have completed his National Service, although lads leaving school at the age of sixteen can apply for a position, and, if suitable, will have a place reserved for them after serving with H.M. Forces. The entry is for men between the ages of nineteen and thirty who, during their training at the Forester School, are given free lodging and paid allowances according to circumstances.

The greater part of the student's time at a school such as Faskally House is spent in the open air learning the practical side of the job, but about 30 per cent. of their time is spent in theoretical instruction which covers many subjects, such as botany and geology. Students are also taught survey and have to be capable of producing a map, and also are instructed in the protection of forests against fire, and insect and fungi diseases. In the open air they are taught to become proficient in a wide variety of tools, and are shown how these should be maintained to give the best service. The trainees are also taught how to instruct other people in the use of tools. As they are being trained for supervisory posts, students are given hints on how to command men and to organise forest operations, and are even given instruction in meteorology, so that they will know what kind of weather to expect.

Students at the Pitlochry school invariably enjoy their one-year-ten-months course, and, surprisingly enough, few of them were forestry workers before serving their one year's practice prior to entering the school. Among those now being trained there are ex-shop assistants and clerks, bus conductors and railway plate-layers, all of them learning to preserve and expand Britain's much-needed forest lands. Three million acres of forest land have yet to be sown, and half of these will be in Scotland.

*On right—*

**THE ENTRANCE TO CINECITTÀ, ROME: Mussolini's Film City which, after being bombed during the war, was further damaged when housing troops and refugees, has now been resurrected into the foremost film centre of Europe. Here, besides the Italians, the Americans, British and French—or multi-national combinations of them—are all making films; last year the studios turned out 146 full-length pictures. And within 100 miles of the studios, as good as any outside Hollywood, the Italians can offer almost any kind of scenery from snow and mountains to sea and sun; also the authentic architectural backgrounds for almost any century that film-makers might want.**

*Below—*

**A SET IN CINECITTÀ FOR "QUO VADIS?": Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Christian-crunching epic of Nero's Rome is probably the most lavish and costly production yet made at Cinecittà. There is room at the studios, which are entirely State-owned, for twelve films to be on the floor simultaneously.**

# CINECITTÀ: ROME'S FILM CITY

*Mussolini's Studios, Badly Damaged During the War, have Risen Again to Become the Biggest International Film Production Centre in Europe*

By GEORGE CAMPBELL DIXON

BRITISH film production, like Lewis Carroll's Count Arithmetic, seems to be advancing backwards. Sir Alexander Korda's Denham studios, among the finest in the world, were ruthlessly requisitioned during the war and have long since been stripped and turned over permanently to other uses. Other studios, big and little, have gone the same way. The £1,000,000 M.-G.-M. studios at Elstree, whose only rival in this country now is Mr. Rank's Pinewood, are dark and empty, and will remain so for several months. Altogether a depressing story, particularly when one remembers both the need to keep Britain represented on the world's screens, for reasons both of politics and cultural prestige, and the importance of earning hard currency abroad and saving dollars at home.

"Yes, yes, all very sad," murmurs the official spokesman soothingly, "but, after all, these are difficult times. What can you expect?" To which the obvious answer is that we expect something of the imagination that conceived Rome's Cinecittà, and the drive that has made it the liveliest film centre in Europe.

Its beginnings date back to 1935. Italian producers, who had given the world its first big feature films, including *Cabiria* and *Quo Vadis?*, a quarter of a century earlier, had slipped back to where British producers were in the '20's: they were struggling along with poor equipment and inadequate know-how. Mussolini, who had some bold and shrewd ideas between bouts of megalomania, jumped into the role of fairy godfather. He decided that Italy needed a film industry she could be proud of and, being a dictator, he could and would do something about it pronto. A company was formed, with State backing and a big industrialist, Carlo Roncoroni, at its head. Gino Peressutti, then considered the best architect in Europe for this kind of job, was entrusted with the plans. Work was pushed on so fast that by April 1937, Cinecittà, as the studios were called, was ready for a really splashy opening ceremony.

Foreigners, of course, were accustomed to discounting the Duce's propaganda: it was some time before they realised Cinecittà's significance. I, for one, missed what car salesmen call an unrepeatable opportunity. I was standing with some Italian acquaintances at the bar of the Lido's exotic Excelsior Hotel, rather fed-up with a Film Festival where anti-British feeling had become uncomfortably pronounced, when a genial, somewhat alcoholic young man seized me by the arm.

"Why do you waste time here with these dull films and all these stupid people," he cried hospitably. "My plane's waiting—I 'm leaving in ten minutes. We 'll have another drink or two, you 'll fly to Rome with me, I 'll introduce you to papa, you can see what we 're doing about production, and I 'll guarantee you a good time."

A handsome offer, but I was doubtful whether papa meant his father or the Pope, still more doubtful whether he was in a condition to fly a plane, especially a plane with me in it. Regretfully I declined. We parted with the warm expressions of esteem customary on such occasions, and I asked one of my drinking companions who the young man was. (*Continued on following page*)

TECHNICIANS AT WORK : Italian sculptors in the props department are fashioning a bust of actor Leo Genn, in the Roman style, which was to play an important part in the story of *Quo Vadis?* The studio management claim that their facilities are the best in Europe. They are also perhaps the cheapest.

CINECITTÀ'S WARDROBE DEPARTMENT : Above can be seen part of the vast warehouse in which the costumes for a big historical feature are stored. The studios cover 125 acres, some five miles south of Rome ; there are attractive gardens, a large swimming pool which, with a miniature building or two on the other side, can suggest a vast lake, restaurants, and a football pitch.

*On right—*

A REHEARSAL : Hollywood director Joseph Mankiewicz, who wrote and directed the prizewinning *All About Eve*, rehearses Edmond O'Brien in Mankiewicz's latest picture *The Barefoot Contessa*.

# CINECITTÀ: Rome's Film City

(*Continued from previous page*)

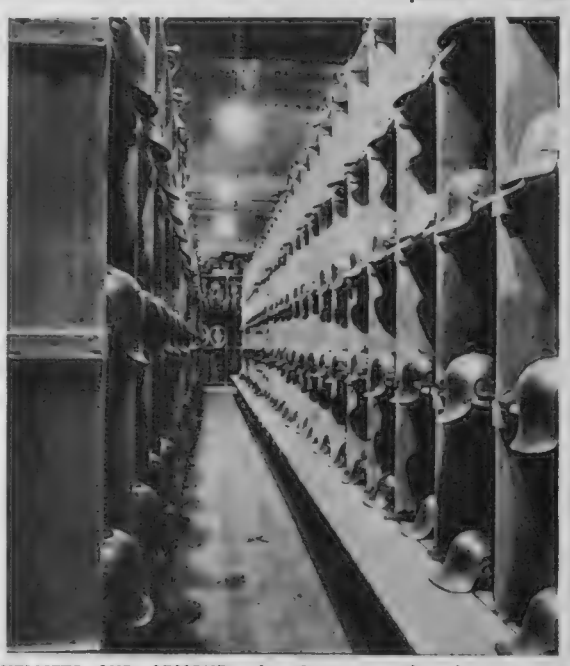
" You mean you do not know ? " he cried in astonishment. " That, signore, was Vittorio Mussolini." Which certainly settled one question. Papa, though almost everything else, was not His Holiness the Pope.

Activity at the new studios was intense, but of that first year's vintage I remember only *Tarakanova*, an historical drama of the time of Catherine the Great, set partly in Venice, and a much more significant and topical glorification of the Italian Air Force's role in the Abyssinian War—*Luciano Serra, Pilota*. The later *Conquest of the Air* and *Siege of the Alcazar* also showed appreciation of the part the screen could play in the ideological war. In 1940 the number of major productions had risen to twenty-two. Even amidst the military disasters of 1943 Italian producers—though now more concerned, rather significantly, with romantic and historical themes—were still very active when, in June, work was suddenly halted. Cinecittà, to the dismay of the film people, had been requisitioned as quarters, first for German troops, and then for Italian refugees and displaced persons.

The studios were severely knocked about by Allied bombing, and what the bombs spared the troops and refugees despoiled. When de-requisitioning came in the second half of 1947 it was found that four stages had gone and much valuable equipment had been destroyed, stolen or damaged. In fact, some experts thought the studios were beyond repair.

Once again, however, the Italian Government, unlike our own, came to the film industry's rescue. The work of reconstruction was pushed on with so much fire and energy that by the end of 1950 all twelve stages were completely fitted with new electrical and sound-recording equipment, the most up to date in Europe. The plant also included new dressing-rooms and offices, property rooms, stores, laboratories, and workshops for building all the sets, furniture and thousand-and-one " props," from an ancient trireme to a modern aeroplane hangar, required for the making of films.

The property—entirely owned by the State, by the way—covers 125 acres along the Via Tuscolana, some five miles south of Rome, with attractive gardens, a big swimming pool which, with a miniature building or two on the far side, can suggest a vast lake, a first-class restaurant for the studio's patricians, a second-class restaurant for the plebs, a garage, rest-rooms and a Campo di Foot-ball. Special attention has also been given to the elaborate plant needed for sound tracks, particularly the recording of music. In fact, the management assert that the music-recording apparatus is the best in Europe.



HELMETS AND ARMOUR : In the properties department of Cinecittà are stored the thousands of helmets used in *Quo Vadis? On right*—Actor Robert Taylor checks one of the fourteen different suits of armour he wore.

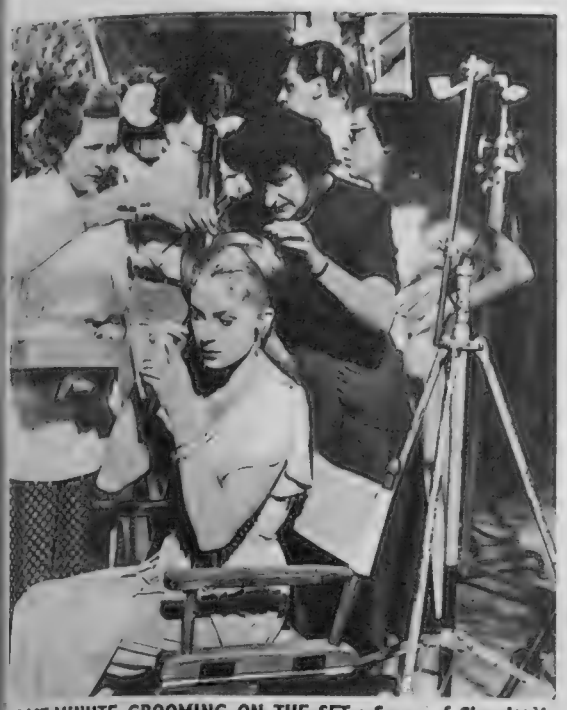
It is possible that this claim reflects national pride rather than the facts. I doubt whether many people who see even the best Italian films, as I do, would agree that recording is better in Italy than in this country, or even, on the whole, as good. It may well be, though, that the defects of which one is often conscious—sudden cuts, disconcerting changes of level, faulty mixing, and so on—are due to human rather than to mechanical weaknesses.

This was certainly the impression given to me by a famous American director. Though he liked Rome and the Italians, as most of us do, he admitted frankly that he had never fully realised his limitations until he worked at Cinecittà.

" In Hollywood," he said (and he might also have been talking of the better British studios), " a director gets used to receiving highly-skilled assistance. He doesn't bother to supervise all the technical processes himself—indeed, he may know little or nothing about them. When it comes to special effects, trick shots, travelling mat, dubbing, recording, mixing, and all that stuff, he just explains what he wants, and goes off confident that the job will be done. In Rome that isn't so and the recording nearly drove me haywire." Even granting that some of his troubles might have been due to difficulties with the language, his complaint seems to have been pretty well founded.

Why, then, is Cinecittà, under the management of Signor Tito Marconi, the busiest film centre on the Continent ? Twelve films can be made there simultaneously. Fifty-two, about one-third of Italy's entire output, were completed last year, more than twenty of them in colour. (Technicolor film, by the way, still has to be processed in the U.S.A.—the one branch of production in which the studios are not self-sufficient). Such famous American producers and directors as William Wyler (*Roman Holiday*), Henry King (*The Prince of Foxes*) and Sam Zimbalist and Mervyn Le Roy (*Quo Vadis ?*) chose to work there. Joseph L. Mankiewicz is now engaged on his own story, *The Barefoot Contessa*, starring Humphrey Bogart and Ava Gardner. *Beat the Devil*, which ranks as British, despite the cosmopolitan flavour given by an American director (John Huston), and American and Italian stars (Bogart, Jennifer Jones and the luscious Gina Lollobrigida), was partly made there. Warner Brothers' *Helen of Troy*, a subject first filmed in Italy forty-two years ago, is, as theatre managers say, in active preparation.

Franco-Italian productions include *The Little World of Don Camillo*, and its successor, both starring Fernandel, René Clair's *The Beauty of the Devil*, *The Golden Chariot* (in which Britain also shared) and *The Life of Puccini*. Four Italian films are now in production, including Amato's *Forbidden Women*, with Linda Darnell. Not many years ago few major Hollywood stars would willingly play in a Continental production and risk the sneer that they were finished in their own country. Now they are nearly all delighted to do so.



A LAST-MINUTE GROOMING ON THE SET : Some of Cinecittà's make-up staff apply the finishing touches to British actress Deborah Kerr before she plays her scene.

A FILM WITHIN A FILM : On the floor at Cinecittà is the noted Italian director Alessandro Blasetti (on left, in overalls) playing himself in a film, *Bellissima*, about film-making. Behind him, in the background, is his co-star Anna Magnani.

DISCUSSION ON THE SET : Robert Taylor talks to producer Sam Zimbalist during a break in the filming of *Quo Vadis?* at Cinecittà. The American film invasion of their city has aroused mixed feelings among Romans, who blame the movie people for rising prices.

FAIR HELEN COMFORTS PARIS : In another international production now being made at Cinecittà—Warner Brothers' *Helen of Troy*—the principal parts of Helen and Paris are played by Italy's Rossana Podesta and France's Jacques Sernas. This subject was first filmed in Italy forty-two years ago.

Why? What is behind this international film rush to Italy? Well, part of the attraction was once frozen lire to spend. Now the principal reasons are : (1) Many American actors and directors have grown tired of Hollywood's stale formulæ and assembly-line technique. They jump at the chance to play " different " parts in more adult stories. (2) It is tempting to combine work with pleasure. A job in Rome, with all the glories of Italy and the Mediterranean within reach, is everybody's dream. (3) Taxation is very low—about 10 per cent. Americans continuously abroad for eighteen months or more used to be wholly exempt from U.S. tax. The oil men rather spoiled this racket, and now they have to pay on anything over 40,000 dollars, but still get off pretty lightly. (4) Freedom from the strikes and petty restrictions with which British technicians harry producers—very much, as observers think, to their own disadvantage. Italians are happy to work energetically for as long as you care to pay them.

Naturally, Cinecittà means a great deal, economically, to Rome. I have walked into the Excelsior Hotel when the array of slacks and open-necked sweat shirts (conspicuous in a land where people still dress with a pleasant formality), plus the clamour of American accents, suggested Hollywood's Brown Derby at lunch-time. The dollars spent so freely seep down through all classes of Roman society. A £2,500,000 production like *Quo Vadis?*, with its palaces and circus, its racing chariots, its stirring crowd scenes and its colossal spectacle of the burning of Rome, gave employment to hundreds of technicians and an army of 6,000 extras, not to mention half the Roman Fire Brigade. Many an unemployed actor and decayed aristocrat ate well for the first time in years.

Nevertheless, the film colony arouses mixed feelings, not only in travellers always inclined to blame Americans for crowded hotels and high prices, but also in the older generation of Romans, by tradition intensely conservative. One incident, indeed, caused something of a public scandal. A party of about thirty priests travelling through the streets in a bus were seen to be gesticulating, whistling and throwing kisses to every pretty girl they passed. Astounded and indignant churchmen telephoned or wrote to the Vatican, protesting against this disgraceful behaviour by men sworn to celibacy and religion. Left-wing anti-clericals wore sardonic didn't-I-always-tell-you-so smiles.

Inquiries revealed that the " priests " were just film extras hired for a location scene outside a Roman basilica : most of the indignation dissolved in laughter. I say " most," because I gather some sceptics still have their doubts. Like the troops in Scotland during the First World War identified as Russians by the snow still clinging to their boots, these clerical Casanovas are uncommonly hard to kill.

BETWEEN " TAKES " : Actress Ava Gardner talks over the next scene with director Joseph Mankiewicz ; they are currently making *The Barefoot Contessa* at Cinecittà. Producers find Italian technicians, free from hampering union restrictions, a happy lot to work with.

# THE OLD VIC'S "TEMPEST"

*At Waterloo Road the Last Play of the Season opens; in Moscow the Comédie Française Arrives on Tour; and in Paris Ronald Howard Plays Sherlock Holmes*

**A BLESSING: The three spirits bless the young lovers in *The Tempest*, the last play of the season at the Old Vic. The spirits are Nancye Stewart, Fay Compton and Gwen Cherrell; the lovers, Claire Bloom and John Neville.**

The last of the six plays to be performed at the Old Vic this season, *The Tempest*, was also the last production at that theatre before war closed it. On that occasion, in May 1940, Sir John Gielgud played Prospero, Jack Hawkins was Caliban, and Jessica Tandy Miranda. In this production Michael Hordern, who has added greatly to his stature as an actor during the present season, plays the old magician cast away on the magic island by the brother who usurped his dukedom of Milan. Claire Bloom takes the part of his daughter Miranda and Richard Burton plays the monstrous Caliban. In accordance with the Old Vic's policy of not paying undue attention to star names and *vice versa*, John Neville is promoted to the largish part of Ferdinand, while Fay Compton takes the minor part of Juno.

**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Richard Burton and Claire Bloom in a scene together as Caliban and Miranda. Caliban, Prospero's "abhorred slave," is possibly Shakespeare's horridest creation and his very unkind treatment by Prospero dates from his making unwelcome advances to his daughter Miranda. It is a part favoured by many distinguished actors.

*On left—*
**INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE ISLAND'S MASTER:** Michael Hordern as Prospero sends Ariel (Robert Hardy) out to do his magic bidding. Ariel, Prospero's good slave, was usually, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, played by an actress. For the part to be played by a male actor is a comparatively recent innovation.

**SHERLOCK HOLMES IN PARIS:** Ronald Howard (left), son of Leslie Howard, with Paulette Goddard in a scene from one of a series of Sherlock Holmes pictures now being made in Paris in colour for American television. Between is Howard Marion Crawford, who plays Dr. Watson. On the right is Peter Copley.

**THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE ARRIVES IN MOSCOW:** A group of Comédie Française players are seen on arrival at Moscow Airport; they are the first French company to visit Russia since the 1917 revolution. For their première at the Maly Theatre, at which they presented Molière's *Tartuffe*, all seats were sold. They were given a rapturous reception, and at the first night Russia's foremost theatrical stars crowned them with garlands.

# Some People in the News

*A Pictorial Survey from London, Paris, and Malaya, of Personalities who have Lately made News*

A NEW CHAIRMAN FOR THE L.C.C. : Mr. Victor Mishcon, the Labour councillor for Lambeth, is seen reading his address to the Council after he had been elected Chairman. At thirty-eight, he is the youngest Chairman to serve the Council for the past fifty years. He was previously Chairman of the General Purposes Committee of the L.C.C. and in private life is a solicitor, with offices in Southampton Row. After his election, Mr. Mishcon presided at a celebration party. Many Labour M.P.'s were among the guests.

SIR GLADWYN JEBB PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE FRENCH PRESIDENT : Sir Gladwyn, who has just taken up his new post of Ambassador to France in succession to Sir Oliver Harvey, is seen at the Elysée Palace with M. René Coty, who was elected President of France last January. Sir Gladwyn is a career diplomat, and until recently was Britain's chief delegate at the U.N. General Assembly. He made a great hit there with the American public; vast numbers watched his skilful handling of Iron Curtain delegates on television. This is Sir Gladwyn Jebb's first Ambassadorial appointment.

AT THE RE-HALLOWING OF ST. OLAVE'S, LONDON : Sir Noel and Lady Bowater, Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of the City of London, stand next to Mr. Prebensen, the Norwegian Ambassador (in centre), and the Bishop of London at the re-hallowing service of the church in Hart Street. St. Olave's, named after the Norwegian saint who came to England early in the eleventh century, is the church of the Norwegian community in London.

MR. R. A. BUTLER LEAVES FOR HIS HOLIDAY : The Chancellor of the Exchequer is seen at London Airport with his wife, his son John, and his daughter Sarah, before boarding an aircraft flying to Barcelona on the first stage of their holiday journey. After a few hours in Barcelona, the Butlers left for Palma de Majorca, where they are spending their holiday.

*On right—*

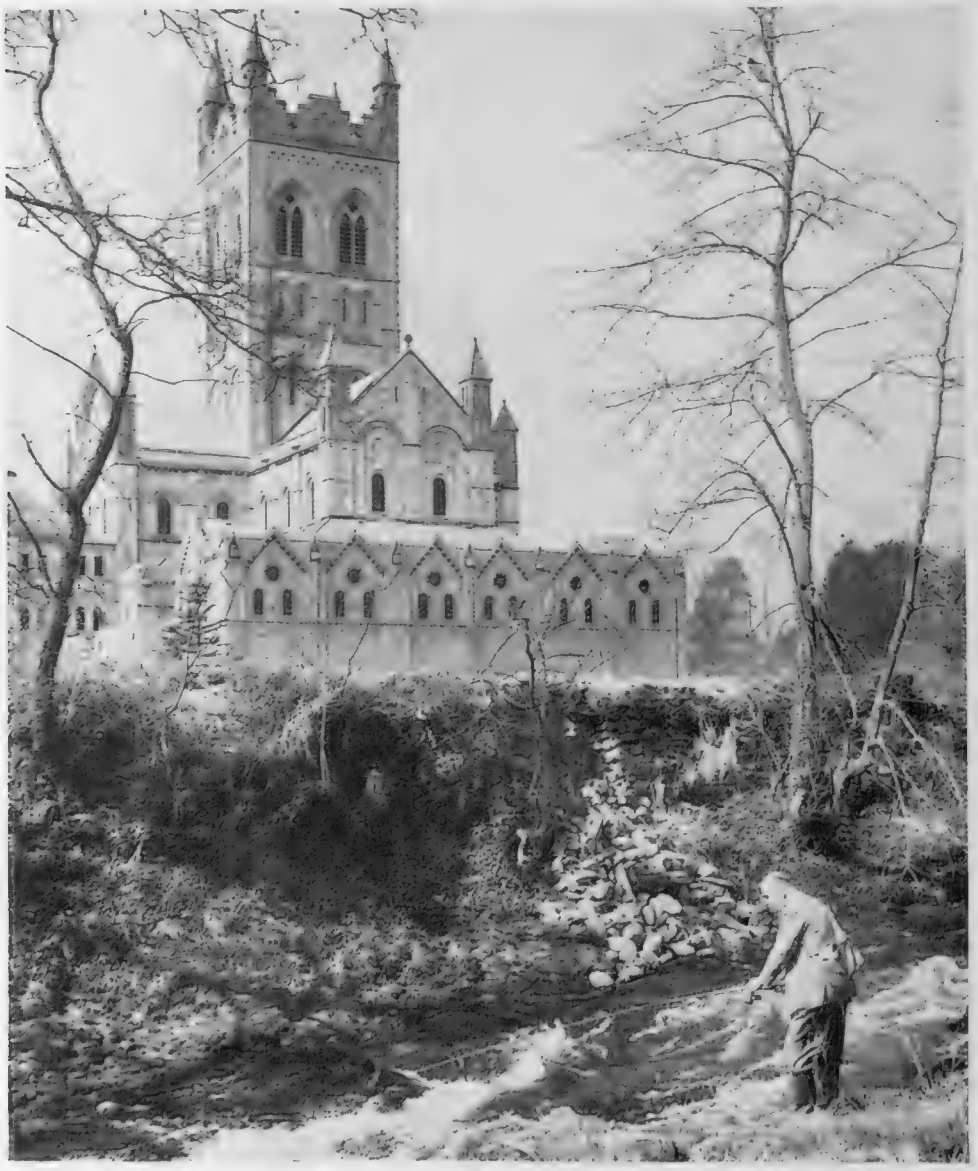
FAREWELL TO MALAYA : Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Stockwell (left), until recently G.O.C. in Malaya, says good-bye to his successor, Lieut.-General Geoffrey K. Bourne, at Kuala Lumpur airfield.

DISTINGUISHED SPECTATORS AT THE ENGLAND V. FRANCE RUGGER MATCH IN PARIS : The French President and Madame Coty are seen with Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery during the half-time interval. The match was won by France by 11 points to 3, thus blighting the English hopes of retaining the championship without defeat and the game was watched by a crowd of 50,000, the largest ever to be seen at the Colombes Stadium.

# THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

*RECENT NEWS PICTURES OF EVENTS IN SCOTLAND, LONDON AND THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE*

**STIRLING—THE GATEWAY TO THE HIGHLANDS:** *Above*—The Statue of Robert Bruce, which proudly dominates the view across the Carse of Stirling. *On left*—Stirling Castle, the key to the gateway to the Highlands. In this picture are Major J. G. D. Fanshawe, the Officer Commanding the troops stationed in the Castle, and Lieut.-Colonel D. MacKenzie, who commands the R.E.M.E. workshops at the Castle. Stirling has played a most important part in the history of Scotland, and many stirring battles have been fought there. One of the first recorded battles was that fought by Edward I of England when he captured the Castle after a three-months siege 650 years ago. It was recaptured ten years later by Bruce. The Castle was the birthplace of James II, James IV and James V of Scotland.



**THIS WAS HOME TO GREAT-GRANDFATHER:** The Mid-Victorian Room at the London Museum at Kensington Palace. This room has been stocked with bric-à-brac that shows the decline in taste which followed the Great Exhibition held in 1851, and many of the objects in this picture, including the over-ornate piano which forms the centre-piece, were actually shown at the Exhibition. The glass cases of artificial fruit, silk flowers and stuffed birds, the treasures from the seashore, and the photographs of great-great-grandfather, were all used to clutter up the already overburdened mantelpieces and sideboards.

*On left*—

**SALMON-FISHING IN THE RIVER DART:** Mr. T. Maiden, of Sale, Manchester, is seen fishing against a background dominated by Buckfast Abbey. Since the close season ended on the Dart during February, many fishermen have made excursions to this favourite river. Salmon-fishing has become increasingly popular since the end of the war, and many parts of the Dart and its tributaries are well stocked with this fish.

**FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN : Mr. Valeriu Georgescu is seen at London Airport with his two sons, Constantin and Peter, who had just arrived from Germany after being released from Communist-dominated Rumania. They were on their way to the U.S.A. to live with their parents, who are both naturalised Americans.** This was the end to a story which began in 1947, when Mr. Valeriu Georgescu left Rumania with his wife to attend to business in New York. There he was told that his Rumanian citizenship had been revoked and his possessions in his homeland seized by the Government. He made repeated efforts to have his sons sent over to America, but in vain. Last May a Rumanian diplomat called on Mr. Georgescu, with a photograph of his two sons, and a message asking for help. The diplomat said that their release could be effected if Mr. Georgescu agreed to co-operate politically with the Rumanian Government. This he refused to do.

**PREPARING FOR THE CHILDREN'S HORSE SHOW AND GYMKHANA HELD AT IVER LAST MONDAY : Eleven-year-old Alexandra Murray is watched intently by other children as she receives instruction on the correct way to stand up in the saddle by Mr. Taylor, the riding-master at the Pinewood Riding School. As in previous years, the event proved very popular.**

**BANKSIDE POWER STATION ILLUMINATED : This picture, taken from Southwark Bridge, shows the great building during a recent floodlighting test in readiness for the summer illumination programme. Like other buildings, it may be illuminated on the evening of the Queen's arrival in London. Water vapour is seen pouring forth from the stack.**

**NEW AMBULANCES FOR OLD : The first of sixty new ambulances for the home Forces has been delivered to Eastern Command headquarters at Hounslow Barracks, Middlesex. It makes a striking contrast to the old-style vehicle on the left. Another innovation, probably just as pleasing æsthetically, is in the uniforms of the W.R.A.C. drivers, which also are being changed.**

**SIR GLADWYN JEBB LEAVES FOR PARIS : Sir Gladwyn, formerly Britain's chief delegate to the United Nations Assembly, is seen at Victoria with his wife and two daughters before leaving on the *Golden Arrow* to take up his new post as Ambassador to France. There Sir Gladwyn Jebb succeeds Sir Oliver Harvey.**

**AN O.U.D.S. CELEBRATION : At a party held recently in Kensington to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, the main speech of the evening was made by Richard Goolden. Near him are (left to right) Patricia Webb, Shirley Burniston, Jack Good (president of the O.U.D.S.), and Sir Andrew Hills.**

# ESSEX CELEBRATES ST. CEDD'S YEAR

*The Chelmsford Diocesan Celebrations for the Thirteenth Centenary of the Landing of the Missionary to the East Saxons will be Inaugurated at the Small Stone Chapel at Bradwell-on-Sea; a Gift for the Welsh; and a New School on an Ancient Site*

**ONE OF THE FIRST CHURCHES IN ESSEX WHERE ST. CEDD PREACHED THE GOSPEL TO THE EAST SAXONS: This is the interior (and, *on left*, the exterior) of the small stone chapel of St. Peter-ad-Murum at Bradwell, Essex, built by St. Cedd in the seventh century, following his arrival from Northumbria.** On Sunday, May 2, the Bishop of Chelmsford will inaugurate the diocese's special commemoration of the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Cedd, by taking part in a service which is to be broadcast from the chapel. Later, on July 3, he will Celebrate at the Sung Eucharist which is to form part of the Pilgrimage to Bradwell, and which is to be attended by people from all parts of the diocese. Other arrangements for "St. Cedd's Year" include a rally to be held at West Ham United Football Ground on June 19, and a mission in which the B.B.C. will participate. St. Peter's Chapel stands on the marshes by the sea-wall at the point where the River Blackwater meets the North Sea. It has been used for several purposes, but is now held in trust by the Chapter of Chelmsford Cathedral.

**A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY SMALLHOLDING FOR THE WELSH NATIONAL FOLK MUSEUM: Mr. J. E. Foulkes, of Pentre Felin, Llandyrnog, seen inside the byre of the property known as Hendrerwydd Ucha, at Llangynhafal, Denbighshire, which he has presented to the Welsh National Folk Museum (St. Fagan's, Cardiff).** The cottage and its byre will be carefully dismantled, transported by lorry and reassembled on an open-air site at St. Fagan's. Built in the "Ty Hir," or "long-house," tradition, the house originally had a thatched roof, but, in recent years, it has been replaced with corrugated iron. The fireplace and chimney are additions to the original fifteenth-century building, for, in those days, the fire was laid in the centre of the rush floor, with a hole in the roof as an outlet for the smoke.

**THE EXTERIOR OF THE BYRE, AND, BEYOND, THE COTTAGE: The walls of the building are of wattle and daub, reinforced with oak woodwork. Mr. Foulkes, the donor of the fifteenth-century smallholding, is a member of the County Council of Denbighshire, North Wales.**

*On left—*

**A NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOYS IS PLANNED AT MILTON ABBEY, NEAR BLANDFORD, DORSET: A view of the Abbey Church and the mansion where the Milton Abbey School is expected to be opened on May 5. The property, together with 285 acres, was sold by the Rev. John Maillard. The school will accommodate up to 400 boys and the fee is expected to be £225 a year; the headmaster will be the Rev. Dr. C. K. Francis Brown, at present headmaster of Woolpit School, Ewhurst, Surrey. Milton Abbey, which has been a faith-healing centre since 1936, was built between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries on the site of an earlier Benedictine abbey; it was restored in 1865. The adjoining mansion was built in 1771.**

## ANNIVERSARY OF VIET-NAM'S OFFICERS' SCHOOL

**THE VIET-NAM ARMY OBSERVES AN ANNIVERSARY : While Vietnamese troops under their own officers were fighting alongside the French at Dien Bien Phu, the Vietnamese celebrated a first anniversary—that of the foundation of the Officers' School at Quan Tri.** Above is the scene during the religious part of the celebrations at the school: on one side of the altar is a guitar-like instrument, on the other a light automatic rifle. The founding of the Officers' School owes a lot to the late General de Lattre de Tassigny who, seeing the need for a united, disciplined and National Army, did much to promote this school and training centres for N.C.O.s.

## TWO ROYAL FAMILIES MOURN CROWN PRINCESS MAERTHA

**AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR CROWN PRINCESS MAERTHA OF NORWAY : In the tiny Asker Church, near the home of Crown Prince Olav of Norway, are gathered members of the Norwegian and Swedish Royal families to mourn the Crown Princess, who died recently of a liver complaint.** From right to left they are King Haakon of Norway; Princess Ingeborg of Sweden (mother of Crown Princess Maertha); Crown Prince Olav; Prince Harald; Princess Ragnhild (Mrs. Lorentzen); Princess Astrid; Princess Margaretha of Sweden (sister of Crown Princess Maertha); and Prince Carl Bernadotte of Sweden (her brother). The Crown Princess was later buried in the chapel of the old fortress of Akershus.

## A NEW FRENCH EMBASSY

**THE NEW FRENCH EMBASSY BUILDING AT SAARBRUECKEN : The building nears completion just as the French and German differences over the Saar look like coming to a head.** Dr. Adenauer has proposed that the French, to whom the Saar is now economically linked, should gradually yield their concessions, at the same time increasing German concessions there. The French seem to be insisting that the Germans should renounce finally any territorial claims to the Saar.

## FLYING FOR OIL IN NIGERIA

*On left—*

**A HELICOPTER FOR USE IN THE SEARCH FOR OIL IN NIGERIA : One of two Hiller 360 helicopters which are being used by the Shell Company to carry light equipment and personnel to the exploration areas.** The search for oil in Nigeria has been going on since 1937, with a break during the war years. Extensive geological exploration was carried out before drilling the first test hole at Owerri; this was later abandoned but the search still goes on. The helicopters can be equipped with either wheels or floats, which makes them extremely useful for operating in the Delta area. Another job they do is the periodic spraying of the Owerri base camp with an anti-malarial agent called dieldrin, which also is manufactured by the Shell Company.

## THE WEEPING, SCREAMING DR. MOSSADEK PERFORMS AGAIN

**THREE STUDIES OF THE EXTRAORDINARY DR. MOSSADEK : *On left*, he weeps in bed for the benefit of reporters. Centre—In a calmer mood he reads his appeal to the Teheran Military Tribunal. *On right*—Mossadek gets cross again.**

Two weeks ago Persia's former Prime Minister, Dr. Mossadek, took his appeal to the Teheran Military Tribunal against the sentence of three years' solitary confinement passed on him for treason four months ago. The seventy-two-year-old ex-Premier was at the height of his weeping, screaming form. First he announced that he had tried to commit suicide by starving himself, but that he had been frustrated by his gaolers. The gaolers, in desperation, no doubt, apparently threatened to send him to a lunatic asylum. So anxious was he for the world to hear of his "suicide" bid that he turned to reporters in the courtroom and ordered them: "Write this down." Moreover, he ordered the clerk of the court to hand copies of his defence statement to the Press; the clerk did as he was told.

As Mossadek repeated himself, the President told him to stick to the point. Thereon Mossadek screamed: "This is not a court. It is a torture chamber. If you will not allow me to defend myself, I will not speak." The court then adjourned.

# NO EASTER EGGS FOR MOTORISTS

*The Price of Petrol Remains the Same ; the Appallingly Crowded Roads During the Holiday ; British Manufacturers are Behind in Gas Turbine Car Development*

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

SO we didn't get that Easter egg after all! Widely held hopes that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was going to knock at least 6d a gallon off the petrol tax were rudely shattered by his "no change" Budget.

As a result, Easter motoring lacked the touch of gaiety it would have possessed had car owners been able to celebrate even a small reduction in the high cost of motoring.

The traffic at Easter provided one more reminder of the seriously congested state of Britain's roads. Thousands of motorists who laid up their cars for the winter had re licensed them for the start of the second quarter of the year, and at Easter they went forth to enjoy the freedom of the roads. They found that since they last steered their saloons and roadsters towards the sea and open spaces the roads at week-ends had become even more unpleasantly crowded.

This year's first Bank Holiday once again turned the spotlight on the deplorable inadequacy of our road system Severe traffic jams and miles and miles of bumper-to-bumper crawling made a mockery of the idea that possession of a car gives a family carefree mobility.

Just before Easter the newspaper headlines gave motorists a breakfast-table thrill by announcing a reduction in the price of petrol. But their delight was short-lived. The cut of a penny a gallon related only to 'ordinary' grade spirit, and so was of interest mainly to commercial users.

All the same, the announcement was interesting and gave rise to the hope that even if the Chancellor could not see his way to giving any relief, perhaps the petrol companies would be able to knock a little off the price of premium grade petrol. And, a few days later, Esso led the way by reducing their premium grade by a halfpenny a gallon.

Shell-Mex and B.P. Limited have fired another volley in the battle of the additives. When 'Shell with I.C.A." was introduced some time ago, B.P. Super was not given anything to correspond with the Ignition Control Additive of its sister brand. Now B.P. Super has an additive which is styled BP 08, for which the same virtues are claimed as for Shell's I.C.A. "Its primary purpose," say Shell-Mex and B.P., "is to reduce the rate of formation of combustion chamber deposits.

"These are a mixture of carbon and lead—tenacious, slatelike deposits which form on valve heads and cylinder head surfaces, on plugs and piston rings.

"These deposits increase the tendency towards pinking, and they may become incandescent and fire the mixture before the spark occurs This causes pre-ignition and running-on."

Although he has not made the necessary regulations even now, the Minister of Transport has at last announced the new requirements in regard to red rear lights and reflectors.

All vehicles, old or new, must have red reflectors by October 1 next. On cars there must be two of them.

The new regulations relating to rear lamps are to be enforced in three stages. All new vehicles must have them from October 1 next, but existing cars, motor-cycles and lorries need not be fitted with them until October 1, 1956. In between come existing bicycles (including cycle-motors) and tricycles. These must have a red lamp not less than 1½-in. in diameter. For cars the minimum size is 2 ins.

It has been officially stated that under the new regulations many of the small reflectors now in use will be illegal. The new rules are an important step forward in the interests of road safety.

And one of the most important provisions of the whole lot is the need for pedal cycles to have both a rear light and rear reflector of adequate size. How many times have *you* nearly run into the back of a cyclist who, without a rear light or adequate reflector, was invisible against the glare of oncoming headlamps until you were right on him?

While I 'm on the subject of new road regulations, I might as well refer to the new zebra crossing laws. Zero hour for these is July 1 next. After that date all zebra beacons must be lighted. It has been an optional choice, up to now, for the local authorities.

Even more important, in my opinion, is the new regulation which will prohibit parking within 45 ft. of a crossing on its approach side. The forbidden area will be marked by a double row of studs. The thoughtless parking of cars, vans and other vehicles in the now prohibited area all too frequently reduces the value of zebra crossings to nil by "blinding" both drivers and pedestrians. I hope this regulation will be rigorously enforced. The only exception to the no-parking rule is the humble bicycle.

I personally am sorry that the new regulations do not make it illegal for walkers to cross the street within, say, 100 ft. of a zebra crossing.

There are many people in Britain who are getting a little concerned at the growing evidence that the U.S. has overtaken Britain in the development of the gas turbine for use in cars.

Since the Rover Turbocar—first turbine-engined car in the world—made its sensational debut and later did some high-speed runs on a Belgian motor road, we have heard no hard news of any other British firm working on a turbocar prototype.

**A PROTOTYPE FIBRE GLASS CAR TRIES OUT THE NEW EXTENSION AT BRANDS HATCH: *Above*—The 500-yard up- and down-hill extension to the Brands Hatch motor racing circuit in Kent. *On right*—Mr. George Wicken, of Maidstone, taking his prototype fibre glass Sportsmobile round the new addition to the circuit at Brands Hatch. The Sportsmobile is fitted with a 10-h.p. Ford engine which has been specially tuned and in which two carburettors have been installed.**

There has been news of various firms taking out gas turbine patents, but that is all. The days when inexpensive family saloons will be powered by gas turbines are a long way off, but Britain cannot afford to neglect the development of this type of engine, particularly for motor coaches and other heavy vehicles.

Following the announcement by General Motors that they were carrying out tests with an experimental turbocar—the Firebird—the Chrysler Corporation has recently given details of a Plymouth coupé in the front of which they have experimentally installed a gas turbine. This is fitted with a fuel-saving "heat exchanger," and they claim it uses no more petrol (the fuel they are using) than a comparable piston-engined car.

They claim a consumption of between 18 and 24 miles per gallon. The engine is similar to the Rover and General Motors units in its possession of two separate turbines: one to drive the compressor, the other to transmit power to the wheels. At top speed the Chrysler turbine spins round at 50,000 revolutions a minute. Idling speed is 20,000 r.p.m.

Compare these engine speeds with the peak revs. of, say, the Aston-Martin DB 2/4, whose motor gives its best output at 5,000 r.p.m.

I can't help feeling that Lord Brabazon was striving for effect in saying what he did at a London dinner of the Institute of the Motor Industry recently. Describing the "lack of advance" in British automobile engineering over the last fifty years as "deplorable," his lordship said: "We still drive the same sort of car that was produced by Panhard. The suspension is a copy of our grandfather's dogcart, and it has the same type of engine that the old Panhard cars had."

He added: "It is high time we looked at motoring from an entirely new point of view." Lord Brabazon —pioneer British aviator and motorist—said he would like a car with a turbine engine, automatic gear-change, power steering and disc brakes.

His lordship would appear to be advocating change for the sake of change, and unless he also said things which went unreported, I think he is being less than fair to the British motor industry, whose technical, engineering and production achievements have been a feature of Britain's post-war recovery.

Yet there is *some* basis for Lord Brabazon's strictures Our designers do seem to err in the direction of being too conventional. They seem afraid to employ such design features as front wheel drive and rear positioning of the engine which have been shown by foreign manufacturers to have big advantages in certain types of car.

It is interesting that Panhard, the French firm whose products of half-a-century ago were praised by Lord Brabazon, are currently producing a range of very advanced design: the Dyna 54, a 4- to 6-seater of light alloy construction whose small 2-cylinder, air-cooled engine drives the front wheels

Reference to this French car reminds me of another rear-engined car, the Renault, which early in 1954 passed an important milestone when the famous Billancourt factory, on the outskirts of Paris, produced its 500,000th "baby."

Renault have made a wonderful recovery since the war, in which their Billancourt factory was more than half destroyed by bombing. They have turned out about 1,000,000 vehicles, making a total of 2,000,000 since the company was formed in 1808. The nimble little 750-c.c. Renault is assembled in London and at factories in other parts of the world.

The Rootes Group have announced a number of improvements to their Humber Super Snipe saloon, the price of which remains unchanged at £985, plus £411 10s. purchase tax.

They include a redesigned facia, the top of which is finished in polished walnut. The instruments have new mountings and the door cappings are of walnut veneer. More room on the back seat gives comfortable accommodation for three people and there are now shoulder rests and rope pulls. Pockets have been added to the rear doors and the luggage boot now has a "slam" type lock.

All these refinements have also been added to the Super Snipe touring limousine. On the saloon only, bucket-type front seats are available for £10 12s. 6d. extra, including tax.

The benefits of upper cylinder lubricant are widely acknowledged. It is also agreed that it is of value only in the first few seconds after a car has been started from cold, before the oil of the engine's lubrication system has had time to reach the top of the cylinders.

There is now on the market a device costing only a few pounds—the Drok Lubricator—which can be easily fitted to most cars to feed upper cylinder lubricant to the induction manifold only when the engine is started from cold.

It comes into use when you press the starter, but is powerless to supply another shot of oil to the engine until it really needs one; that is, about 2½ hours after the engine stops.

Outstanding among the new publications which have recently come my way is the 1954 edition of the "*Daily Mail*" *Motoring Guide*, which costs 2s. It contains illustrated descriptions of fifty-nine cars and a wide assortment of articles written by experts on various aspects of motoring.

**A MORE LUXURIOUS HUMBER SUPER SNIPE: The interior of the new vehicle, which has been made more comfortable and improved in appearance without an increase in price.**

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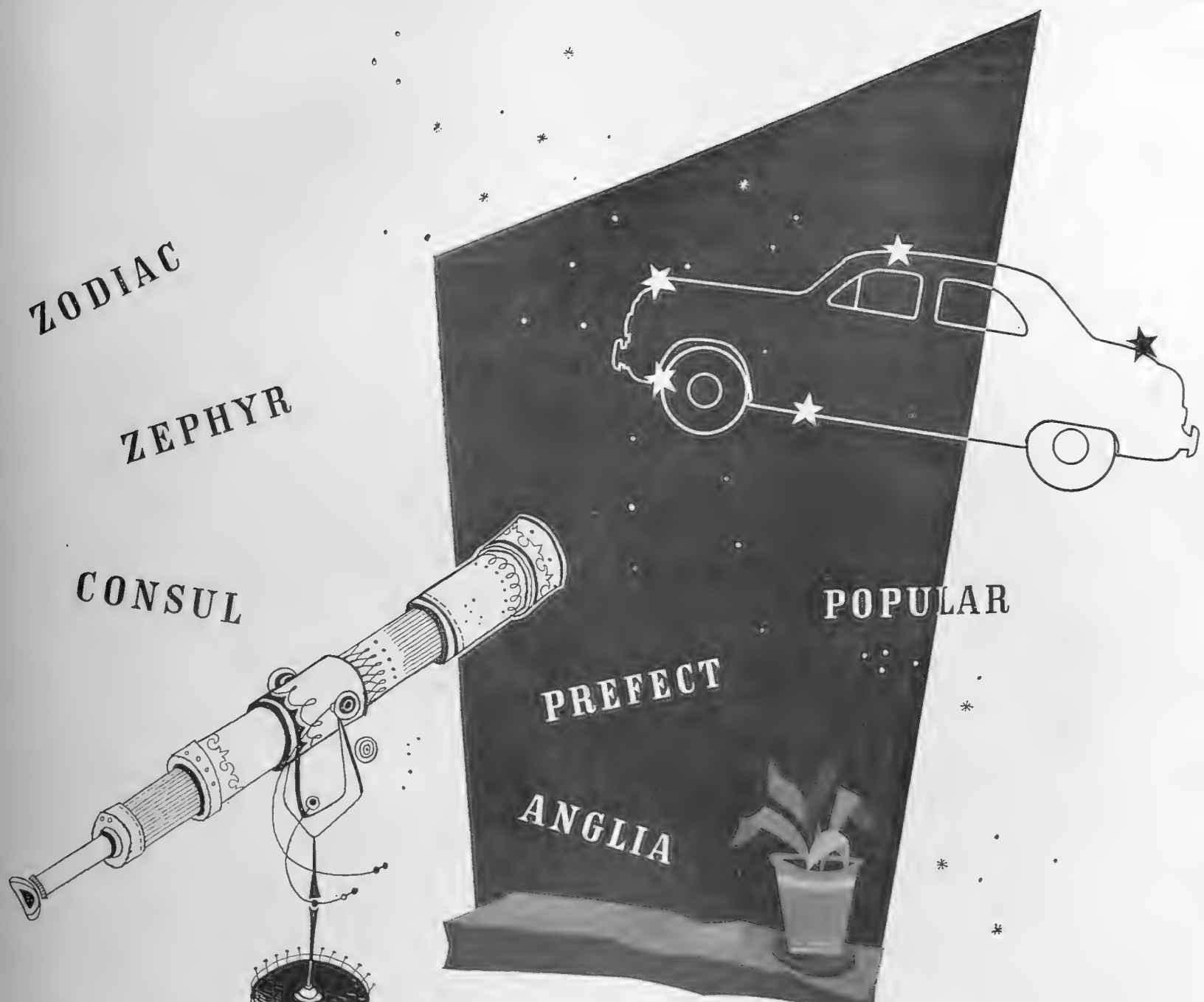


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*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# A MODEST STATESMAN'S STORY

*In His Autobiography Mr. Clement Attlee Tells of Stirring Events in a Quiet, Unassuming Manner Entirely Characteristic of Himself*

MR. ATTLEE'S autobiography, AS IT HAPPENED (Heinemann. 16s.), is a quiet book about a quiet man who has lived anything but a quiet life. To take only a selection of the highlights, he was Deputy Prime Minister and Prime Minister, and therefore at the helm of things through the greatest war in history, and through the almost catastrophic international convulsions which followed it. He has not only lived through a political revolution in his own country which will leave its mark on history, but he has led it. These things alone, together with all the "inner revelations" he indubitably would be able to add, could command a readership of millions with sensational emoluments within the scope and orbit of many who adorn public life to-day.

Among the most persistent of American legends is that the Englishman is a master of understatement. Whether they refer to it with a wry smile or as an irritated comment on what they believe to be duplicity, it nevertheless baffles them. It is, somehow, inconceivable that it is the result of a true modesty. It is not fashionable to be English even in this country, and Mr. Attlee is the most English and the most unfashionable of men.

He comes, as he tells us, of very ordinary, middle-class stock, he went to a conventional public school and to Oxford. He fought gallantly in the First World War and won the M.C. at Gallipoli, all of which he dismisses in a few laconic sentences. The formative years which followed he spent unobtrusively living and working in the East End among those who, in modern jargon, are described as the under-privileged. In politics his inflexible integrity and implacable gifts for leadership made him an obvious choice in a party in which some of the most powerful personalities of our time were competing for control.

**THE HEMINGWAYS IN VENICE FOR A REST: Mr. Ernest Hemingway and his wife receiving a warm welcome from friends on their arrival in Venice from Mombasa. The great American writer who, with his wife, enjoyed two stranger-than-fiction escapes in air crashes last January, has gone to Italy for a complete rest.**

In sonorous periods Sir Winston Churchill has paid his own tributes to his Deputy during the war. As Prime Minister in 1945, Mr. Attlee set about creating and consolidating the Welfare State, but perhaps his most spectacular achievement was the settlement with India, without which the Commonwealth as we know it to-day might easily have been in a state of chaotic disintegration.

Flatly, laconically, and therefore in character, Mr. Attlee tells of these things and many others as they happened. There is scarcely an emotional note in the book, but he does permit himself this final sentence: "Up to the present I have been a very happy and fortunate man in having lived so long in the greatest country in the world, in having a happy family life, and in having been given the opportunity of serving in a state of life to which I had never expected to be called."

Mr. Peter Marshall was a Scot who emigrated to America when he was twenty-five, was received into the Presbyterian Church there and became Chaplain to the United States Senate within nineteen years. He died when he was only forty-six. His biography, written by his widow a few years ago, was an indication of the extraordinary nature of the man of whom Senator Vandenberg wrote: "I never knew a more rugged character. To me he was the embodiment of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers . . .'." Now his sermons and some of his prayers have been published, arranged on the pages in type as his personal notes used to be arranged on his pulpit. MR. JONES, MEET THE MASTER (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.), contains some simple and moving addresses, and the title reflects the preacher's typically homespun approach to the congregation.

ESSAYS IN SATIRE (Sheed and Ward. 8s. 6d.) is a reprint of a collection of brief and witty pieces by Monsignor Ronald Knox, which were first published twenty-six years ago, but which, apart from a reference or two to an older form of broadcasting, have aged even better than the noble claret of the same vintage. And the dictum of the Bishop of Much Wenlock, that "Facts are only the steam which obscures the mirror of truth," is still splendidly quotable.

There are some novels that could only have been written by women; that, indeed, owe their essential quality to exactly that femininity of outlook and perception, and that almost piercing awareness of changes of mood and emotional colour. Such a book as Miss Elizabeth Jenkins' new novel, THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), illustrates this point perfectly. Here is a story exclusively concerned with human relationships; with a wife, a husband, a mistress and, a little more remotely, with a son and the little boy who is the son's friend. These people meet and talk, part and think, and in everything they do, consciously or not, are affecting each other and, day by day, building up towards an inevitable and tragic climax.

For this is none the less drama for being played politely, and its effect on at least one character is to be as savage and catastrophic as if conventional usages were not observed through every stage. Imogen, the wife, is a graceful, ardent, imaginative creature, to whom the physical expression of love is not its most important aspect, but who, nevertheless, deeply loves her brilliant, difficult husband, and the son who appears, like the father, to be so self-sufficient. The war and its separations are over, and Imogen looks forward to happiness, quieter than the first years of rapture, but still rewarding. Now appears another woman, rich, fifty-ish, thick-set and dowdy, but efficient in all the ways that the ambitious K.C. most appreciates, and evidently dedicated to his comfort.

That this unprepossessing figure should become not only her husband's counsellor and friend, but his adored mistress is the shock, to both pride and love, that Imogen must face, and the climax to a story which has been almost imperceptibly, but with a slow human force, moving towards it. It would be difficult to praise Miss Jenkins's exquisite style or her impeccable construction too highly, even while one may vary between distaste and impatience for her characters. There is something quite haunting about this novel, and, on reflection, I am not sure that it isn't to be defined quite simply as good writing. I look forward to re-reading the book.

Even when they are in the most highly-coloured trouble, the characters in Mrs. Elizabeth Cadell's novel, THE GENTLEMEN GO BY (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), seem to preserve their good tempers, their common sense and their insatiable passion for talk. I don't know when I met a chattier lot, but they are likeable, and the lovely setting of the story, a house and garden in Andalusia, looking down over the sea towards Gibraltar, helps the reader along quite a lot. This is a book full of variety and, I should add, a kind of cheerful charm.

THE PAINTED KING (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is a novel about the stage and the musical-comedy stage at that, and, paradoxically or not, it is as real a presentation as I have met for months. Reality, in fact, is the key of Mr. Rhys Davies' story about an extremely successful actor-composer-writer, whose remarkable physical beauty and absence of emotional entanglements have made him singular in London theatrical history. For anyone who relishes not only stories of the stage but of the *coulisses* and dressing-rooms, this is a book to recommend, all the more since it is candid without malice, and straightforward without a hint of scandal. And, I should add, it is written with the simplicity and humour that an author might use when one of his first purposes is to make his work immensely readable.

Mr. Roald Dahl has written many short stories for the *New Yorker*, and some of these, as well as stories for other publications, have been collected in the volume, SOMEONE LIKE YOU (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) Oddities, violence, the social amenities cheating at cards, suicide, rat-catching, lethal snakes, sadism; attempted murder—there is a wide choice here, even wider than I have indicated. And the interesting thing about the sixteen stories is that each of them is written with considerable talent.

This week's adventure and detection stories begin with Mr. Zane Grey's WYOMING (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), a pleasantly lively story from this veteran author, about the West and a spirited young girl who sets out to hitch-hike there from her Lake Michigan home. I would have appreciated fewer words and more deeds myself, but when a writer has given the reader as much pleasure over as long a period as has Zane Grey, it would be carping to complain about a trifle like that. THE IRON COBWEB (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.) is a crisply written story of Massachusetts origin about a handsome couple, their babies, and the obscure threat of blackmail and kidnapping that hangs over them. I remember reading an earlier novel by Ursula Curtiss, which I found admirably strong on suspense and ingenuity, and although the present one isn't quite up to that high standard, it is certainly good enough to enjoy in the present, and to regard as a hopeful harbinger of yet another. Ann Nash writes again about her two amateur sleuths who operate on the Californian coast and make a satisfactory living in between cases by running a charming flower shop. DEATH BY DESIGN (Hammond and Hammond. 8s. 6d.) has its corpses and suspects, and a neat twist involving what used to be known in Edwardian fiction as a sagacious hound. DEATH UNDER SNOWDON (Bles. 9s. 6d.) is a remarkably ingenious tale of a crime and a murderer who was his own victim. Whether Mr. Glyn Carr is writing about rock climbing (which he does very well), or aptly quoting Shakespeare, this is a continuously diverting book, which I recommend to you.

# PICTS OF THE RESISTANCE

*The Men who Harried the Romans*

Who were the Picts? Most of us remember from schooldays that they were the harassing foes of the Roman occupation of Britain, allied sometimes with the Scots, the North Irish race who peopled Argyll and Kintyre. The Picts were never clearly subdued by the Romans, these painted rascals, as Professor Lethbridge calls them, who braved the most powerful army in the world with a light spear and a bag full of stones. In THE PAINTED MEN (Andrew Melrose. 16s.), Professor Lethbridge, who is Hon. Keeper of Anglo-Saxon Antiquities at Cambridge, fills in many of the gaps in our knowledge about these unyielding men of the Resistance. He does so in most exciting fashion, re-clothing the dry facts of archæology and history so that the Picts emerge with much of their pristine vigour and pugnacity. Unfortunately, there are many gaps which cannot yet be filled. The Picts have apparently frightened modern historians as much as they did the ancient Romans. They have a capacity for shattering reputations; for any picture of their life must be to some extent conjectural, and a great deal of field work remains to be done if present-day deductions are to be confirmed. Professor Lethbridge has spent thirty years studying the Picts, and admits that he has only touched the fringe of this research. The Western Islands of Scotland are apparently filled with Pictish treasure trove for the enterprising archæologist. The author declares that what is really needed is a school for research on the Western Coast route of Britain from Cornwall to Cape Wrath, with funds to keep a few research workers going all the time. Then, indeed, we might know the real truth about the Picts.

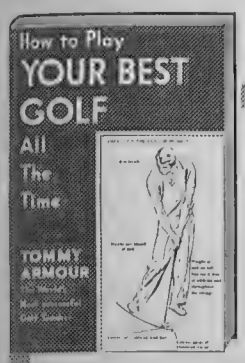
Throughout the eighteenth century Acts of Parliament multiplied, making it a criminal offence for two or more workmen to combine to secure an increase in wages or any other change in their employment. By the nineteenth century there were, indeed, no fewer than thirty-four Acts on the Statute Book, serving as a powerful weapon against the wage-earners' attempts to form trade unions. Statesmen and employers alike tended to accept in their crudest form the teachings of contemporary economists, who held that rates of wages must be determined by the supply and demand for labour in every industry or trade. This doctrine was disastrous for the workers of Britain, who had seen the break-up of the old trade guilds and of the Tudor system of wage-fixing by Justices of the Peace and State regulation of industry and trade. Eventually, however, a well co-ordinated trade union system came into being in England, largely due to the efforts of Francis Place and Radical Members of Parliament, who brought about the repeal of the old, bad combination laws and by the Act of 1824 paved the way for the legal recognition of unions, which henceforward had certain well-defined rights and duties. It is really at this stage that V. L. Allen, Staff Tutor in Trade Union Studies for the Oxford University Delegacy for Extra Mural Studies, takes up the case and presents the first detailed studies of trade union government to be published in this country. POWER IN TRADE UNIONS (Longmans, Green and Co. 25s.) is a most important volume, showing how checks are imposed on the use of power, how discipline is imposed upon members, and how the pattern of leadership develops. The voluntary nature of trade unions may be an obstacle against optimum efficiency, declares the author, but it does compel a democratic mechanism of Government.

The title Miniature Books is perhaps not a very encouraging one, for it conjures up something less than half-size, type that is not legible, and much else besides. The new series issued by the Rodale Press consists of small works which deserve to stand on their own in book form, and the first of them is Henry James's admirable essay on DAUMIER, which runs to about thirty-six pages and includes a number of examples of the work of France's great caricaturist. The second little volume is an illustrated account of THE OLD ENGLISH COFFEE HOUSES; and the third is POOR MINETTE, the letters of two French cats which Julian Jacobs has translated from the French by P. J. Stahl. All three books are priced at 5s.

Marcel Le Roy, a French mining engineer who spent several years prospecting in the territories of Upper Guinea, the Ivory Coast and Liberia, has written an admirable account of the great forests of Equatorial Africa. He calls it LAND OF THE NIAMOO (Arthur Barker. 15s.), after the spirit god of the forest people, a power, he says, with which both white men and black must reckon. The book is valuable both for its survey of native life and for the light it sheds on French colonial ways.

Two books of special interest for the nature-lover are Gilbert Nixon's THE WORLD OF BEES (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) and Alan Devoe's THIS FASCINATING ANIMAL WORLD (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.). There are over 10,000 known species of bee in the world, and Mr. Nixon reveals much about their diversity of habit and behaviour. Mr. Devoe attempts to answer many of the questions about animal life that people most frequently ask: Do fish sleep? Can snakes hear? The author finds, he says, that people to-day are still asking the same questions.

# BOOKS FOR OUR READERS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## Publishers' News

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**The Secret History of Stalin's Cases. . . .** By Alexander Orlov. The true story of Stalin's private life, told by a former Soviet diplomat and Counter-Intelligence Chief. Published May 3. (*Jarrolds Publishers* (*London*). 18*s.*)

**Soldier, Sail North. . . .** By James Pattinson. Horror, humour and drama are intermingled in this powerful story of the gunners of the Merchant ships on the Arctic convoy. (*Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*)

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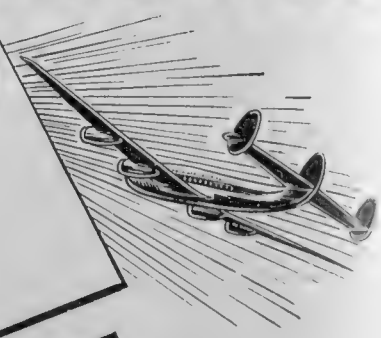

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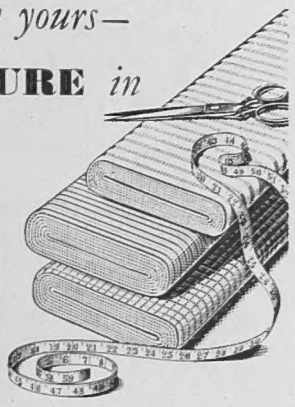

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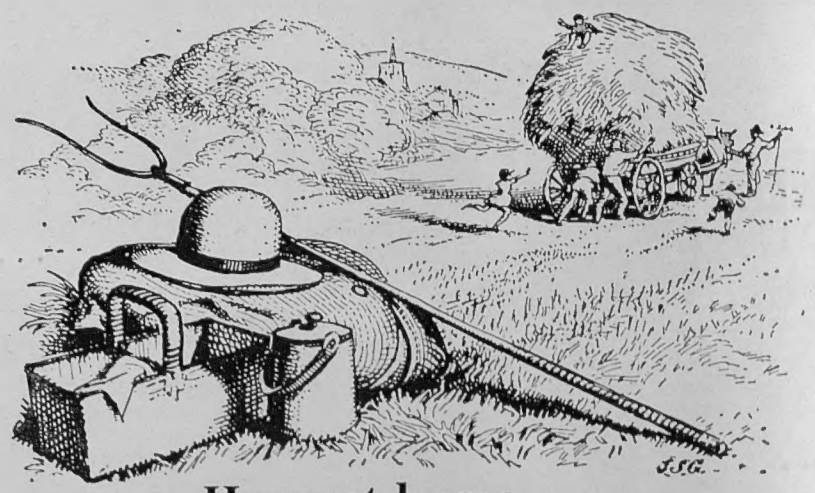

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# IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

*Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

AT a recent dinner-party I met an Australian lady who said, "What I like about your hotels over here is the Greeters." "Greeters?" I queried. "Yes, the people who greet you when you arrive."

Thinking over our conversation, greeters is an admirable word in that it is so comprehensive. It covers receptionists, hotel proprietors, managers, hall porters; in fact, all that we, the public, come in contact with not only on arrival, but throughout the length of our stay.

I question, in spite of the Australian lady's experience, whether greeters are general in British hotels. I have had, and am constantly having, bitter experiences to the contrary. It is not my policy, however, to write of the bad, but to relate only my happy discoveries. The following are some recent experiences in this respect.

Should you seek one of these days a smallish hotel in London, not too residential on the one hand, or too much "in and out," on the other, try Queensberry Court Hotel, Queensberry Place, S.W.7, just off the Cromwell Road. The staff there are greeters all, whether it is an early call at 7 a.m., a meal in the restaurant, or a late supper after a theatre. Apart from good food, comfortable bedrooms, very well furnished public rooms and a small cocktail bar, it is an hotel that is a pleasure to return to, because every visitor is treated as an individual.

I experienced that same sense of welcome when I revisited on a recent Sunday their associate hotel, The Clarendon, at Gravesend. I was quite unknown to the receptionist, but her smile was in keeping with the reflection of the sun on the Thames across the way. The head waiter and his staff were solicitous in their service, and their wish that they would soon see me again was reciprocated.

It is springtime once more, and for the next three months I shall be, for the most part, on my travels. There will be a number of hotels I shall look forward to revisiting for the experience of welcome. The Hotel Commodore at Llandrindod Wells, for example, where Mr. J. F. Ritchie, the resident manager, is always moving among his guests to make sure that perfection in cooking and service is the ultimate aim.

Again, at the Grand Hotel, Torquay, where, by some ingenious electrical flashing device, Mr. and Mrs. R. Paul, the joint managers, are always there to greet one on arrival—an extraordinary feat in a 200-bedroomed hotel.

It has been said that British innkeepers are not capable of exhibiting that sense of welcome that one experiences on the Continent, particularly in France. I would not attempt to try and disprove such a statement, yet I do know that there is hardly a county in Britain where I cannot pin-point an inn so welcoming, that a diversion is always warranted.

The classic example, of course, is The Lygon Arms at Broadway, a valuable schooling ground for fostering that more personal relationship between an innkeeper and his guests. Yet I am not at all certain that it is not quite as pronounced at The Cross Hands, Old Sodbury, in the Badminton country of Gloucestershire.

In the Lake District one need not look beyond the Wild Boar at Crook, near Kendal.

In Wales, The West Arms at Llanarmon, D.C., and in Scotland what more appropriate name for a welcoming inn and restaurant could one have than The Open Arms at Dirleton, near North Berwick.

Greeting can be meted out in kind as well as in person. Small personal thoughts count for so much, and in many a British hotel overseas visitors will experience unexpected "greeters." Examples are: At the Mandeville Hotel, Mandeville Place, London, W.1 (not five minutes' walk from Oxford Street), a Thermos jug of iced drinking water will be found in each bedroom. Staying at that country house of serenity, Sandridge Park, outside Melksham in Wiltshire, a box of varying perfumed soaps greets the newly arrived visitor. This is a luxury thought and places implicit trust in their passing visitors not to swipe the lot! If you tend to suffer from insomnia, some people will tell you that to nibble a biscuit, particularly a gingerbread, is a good idea. Stay then at the Birch Hotel, Haywards Heath, where a tin of biscuits is replenished daily and placed by each bedside. Quite a number of British hotels send up to your bedroom a morning paper with the greetings: "Good morning; with the compliments of the management," but none, as far as I know, have adopted the idea of the Utah Hotel in Salt Lake City, which told me each morning the temperature of the air outside at 8 a.m.—a necessary reminder in a steam-heated, air-conditioned bedroom.

What is the most unusual "greeter" I have experienced in a British hotel? Perhaps it was the cellophane-wrapped card containing bachelor's-buttons, safety-pin, needle and thread which I found on my dressing-table at the Wentworth Hotel, Aldeburgh, in Suffolk. Nothing could have been more opportune. My braces had just come adrift!

Plough and pasture, orchards and oast-houses, woods and dells are characteristic of the Kentish Weald, and the district around Hawkhurst remains deliciously rural. For wandering around the Weald or exploring the county as a whole, I do not think one could have a better base than Tudor Hall Hotel (where I am writing this article), situated half-a-mile on the Rye side of Hawkhurst village.

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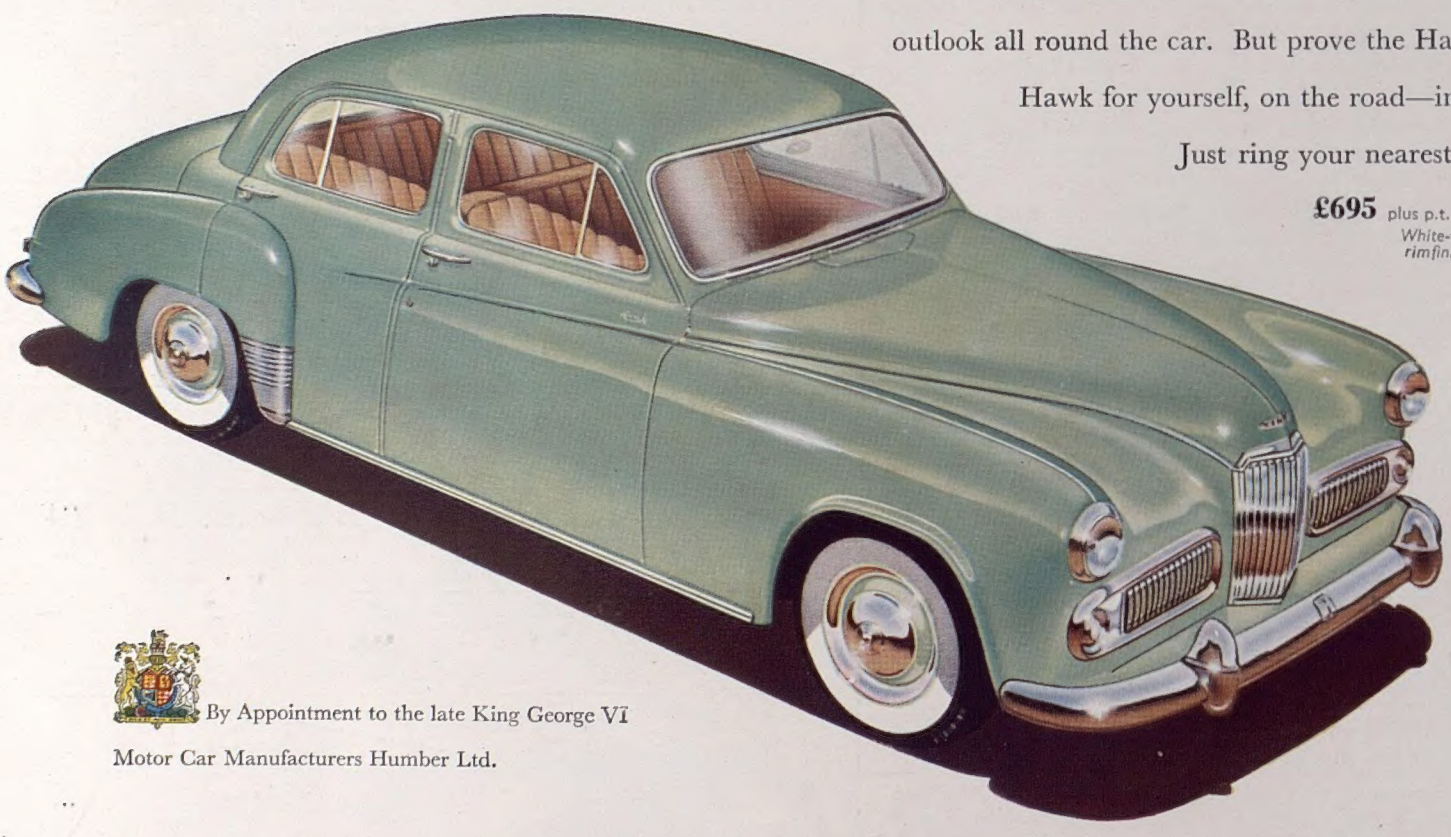

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